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A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.—WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE STEAMER "CONSERVA"?—THE "COLORADO" PICKS UP A LIFE-RAFT WITH TWO DEAD SEAMEN UPON IT.

SEE PAGE 138.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1889.

THE NEW COLONIZATION SCHEME.

A PROJECT has been recently broached to concentrate all, or the great body, of the colored race in the South into one or two States, with the provision that they only shall hold office and exercise political control within the limits of the domain set apart for them. The suggestion is that this temptation will be powerful enough to draw them off from those Southern States in which they now outnumber the whites and menace their actual ascendancy.

It is another scheme to solve the race problem by separating the races, and must be as futile as those which have preceded it. It is a contest against the forces of nature. Time, education and individual interests may change the direction of these forces in the long run, but no spasmodic effort can arrest them, and no devices of legislation abolish them. Mr. Jefferson and other eminent Virginians, in 1776, conceived the idea of colonizing emancipated blacks in some part of America; and in 1810 they tried to effect this scheme as to a large body of colored men implicated in an insurrection in Richmond, by sending them to some part of the United States then unoccupied, or to Africa. Ten years afterward some New England philanthropists took up the plan, and at first proposed the country north of the Ohio as a suitable region for a separate home for the colored race. But they had foresight enough to abandon this plan, and then for a long time Africa was the favorite field. For many years some of the best men of the country devoted themselves to this project of colonization. The Society spent nearly two millions of dollars during the first forty years of its existence, and succeeded in colonizing a few thousand blacks in Africa. But the expectation that it would result in ridding the slave States of the free blacks proved wholly delusive, even during the existence of slavery, and, of course, it could have no appreciable effect in its application to the entire body of the colored race, made free by the war.

But just after the opening of the war a very interesting effort was made in the same direction. President Lincoln, deeply pondering upon the subject of impending emancipation, conceived the design of using the Chiriqui Isthmus region as a field for colonization, and directed Secretary Chase to institute an examination of the country with that view. It was done, and an elaborate report was made by the Solicitor of the Treasury. Secretary Chase made his report, and the President submitted it with a special message to the House. He took measures to carry the design into effect, and actually made a contract with the owners of a large tract of land on the Isthmus. In August, 1862, he received a deputation of colored men, and explained his plan in one of his homely and striking speeches. He described the new home proposed for them in glowing colors. He closed the interview by asking them to let him know whether he could not get a number of tolerably intelligent men, with their wives and children, to go and make the trial. And he added these characteristic words: "I ask you, then, to consider seriously for yourselves, for your race, for the good of mankind, things that are not confined to the present generation, but as

"From age to age descends the lay
To millions yet to be,
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity."

This scene is recalled, not only for its intrinsic interest, but to show how deeply Mr. Lincoln then felt the immense and increasing importance of the race problem, and how strongly his mind was drawn toward the plan of separating the races, as its only solution. But the new phases of the war put an end to his design. The first Emancipation Proclamation was issued only a few weeks after his interview with the colored men, and soon the whole race was free; and the blacks, instead of being sent to Chiriqui, were enrolled in the Union armies, and so started on the way to the rights of citizenship which they now enjoy.

And now, after nearly a quarter of a century of peace, the old problem recurs in still more urgent form. It is the standing obstacle to more perfect union, and an increasing menace to the working of our machinery of popular government.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the old idea of dividing the races should be revived, and take the form now proposed, of setting off a region to be devoted to the blacks and subject to their State control, under Federal supremacy. But again the forces of nature will fight against this scheme. The New Englanders of 1810 dreamed of the present States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois as the separate home of the black race. The people of North Carolina now propose Arkansas. The last is as futile as the first. The country is vast, and has room for many races, but it has no room for one separate colored race. They are here, and they must live together in some sort of assimilation, and in some necessary harmony with their traditions and environment. There is no drastic remedy for this serious disease of our body

politic, however dangerous it may be. We must wait for time and nature. They often prove the best healers.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR OFFICE.

IF anything can open the eyes of the American people to the absolute necessity of overthrowing the spoils system, it would seem that the spectacle presented at Washington during the past month must do it. Veteran Republicans agree with veteran Democrats in saying that the greed displayed by the office-seekers has never been surpassed in our political history. The capital has been overrun with them ever since Inauguration Day, and the President has been constrained to confess that he has "actually spent all the time in listening to the statements of delegations, and in the purely clerical labor incident to the proper classification and arrangement of applications for office."

The craze for office is one of the most curious of diseases. It attacks all classes. Nothing is more common than to see a man who is earning an excellent income, and has an assured future in his chosen vocation, deliberately turning his back upon them, and devoting himself to the quest for some office which does not pay so large a salary as he already earns, which leads to nothing, and which will leave him when he gives it up—as he must inevitably give it up in a few years—poorer in purse, in position and in prospects than when he assumes it. Many a prosperous lawyer of middle age has abandoned his law-office to seek some high public position, and failing to get it, has gradually lowered his demands until at last compelled to take up with some small place, ultimately returning to his old home to find his practice gone and to face a cheerless old age.

But this is not the worst feature of the business. It is sad to see a man throw away his own chances through the craze for holding some kind of an office; but such cases do not injure the public interest. There are plenty of cases, however, where the public interest is sacrificed in order to give a place to a man who is utterly unfit for any position of responsibility. Indeed, it often seems as if the man who had failed to get on well in the world, through his inefficiency or dishonesty, considered this very failure as entitling him to a place in the public service; as if the man who cannot support himself actually has some sort of claim to be supported by the people at large through a salary from the public treasury.

There is still another aspect of the matter which is worse even than this. Respectable men will indorse the applications for public office of men whom they would never trust for an instant in any private capacity—men who, oftentimes, have demonstrated their dishonesty. Knowing that the President must depend largely upon their judgment, Senators and Representatives will sign papers assuring the President that a certain man is well qualified for a particular office, although they know, as the President probably does not, that he has conclusively shown his unfitness for any place of responsibility. A man has been indorsed by more than a hundred members of the last House of Representatives for the important place of Indian Commissioner who, less than twenty years ago, barely escaped expulsion from Congress, by a two-thirds vote, for the sale of a cadetship. This is only one of a number of cases equally notorious and disgraceful, as when a well-known lobbyist was recommended for one of the leading positions in the Post-office Department, and when an entire State delegation urged for the head of an important bureau a man who, only a few weeks before, was reeling through the department in a state of gross intoxication.

The decent people of the country must call a halt upon this business. It cannot go on indefinitely from bad to worse, as it is now going, without ultimately working the overthrow of our institutions.

THE OPENING OF OKLAHOMA.

THE beautiful name Oklahoma will be in many mouths during the next few weeks, and in a very few years it will probably be as familiar as Colorado and Minnesota as the name of one of the States of the American Union. On the 22d of April, at noon, the barrier so long maintained is to be removed, and the promised land is to be free for settlers seeking homes under the provisions of law. So rich and bountiful is the land, that an eager crowd is waiting on the border, which will be swelled now that the hour has at last been fixed; and when it actually strikes, we may look for scenes more peculiar and memorable than those which marked the settlement of California. That was a distant and unfamiliar country, and although the rush was great when the gold discoveries were announced, there were no such scenes as will be witnessed at noon on the 22d of April, when the waiting thousands of men, women and children, with their domestic belongings, will pour over the Kansas border into the lovely valleys of Oklahoma. It will certainly be the most picturesque phase of the development of our unsettled territory, and one which is not likely to be repeated in the future, since the same conditions cannot hereafter occur. Those who are to be the first settlers of this future State of the Union have come to its border as the children of Israel went from the "country of Moab to the top of Pisgah, which looketh toward Jericho," and have only been restrained from taking possession by military power. And now the onward rush is suspended till the appointed time by a strict provision in the law, declaring that any one who ventures in before shall be turned out and shall forfeit all right to enter again.

There are features of romance in the situation which will attract the attention of the country. The settlement of a new State is always interesting, but it is generally a slow process, and is often attended with painful incidents. Here it is to be done *per saltum*, upon due notice and proclamation, and, as it were, in full public view. It is a drama of civilization to be performed according to

programme, and it promises to be without any elements of tragedy. The scene is central and well understood. A railroad has long traversed the Indian Territory east of the portion now opened, and we have become familiar with the characteristics of the region. We know that it is a vast area of rolling prairies, lying between Kansas and Texas, larger than the State of New York, with no deserts or mountain ranges, with a delightful climate, watered by abundant rivers, traversed by wooded valleys, and in every way fitted for the home of millions of men in the future.

About one-seventh of this great region—6,000,000 acres—is at last the actual property of the United States Government, and, by recent arrangements with the Indian tribes, it can be thrown open to white settlers. On the last day of January the Muscogee Nation of Indians, by its Council, confirmed the articles of cession as to an important part of the region, and on the first day of March the Congress of the United States approved it. On the next day a law was passed declaring these lands, including Oklahoma proper, comprising about 1,400,000 acres, part of the public domain, and providing for their disposition to actual settlers, after proclamation to be made by the President, and reserving two sections in each township for the use and benefit of public schools. This portion, about 1,800,000 acres in extent, now opened to homestead entry under the name of Oklahoma, is not in any corner or on any border, but in the very heart of the Indian Territory. It is inevitable that the tide of emigration which will now flow in there cannot long be confined to those limits, but will spread on every side, and in no long time absorb or assimilate the Indian occupants of the rest of the Territory.

A remarkable feature of the situation is that when the barrier is down and the crowds rush in they will be in a region without any regular system of government, and must work out their social organization and protection from disorder in their own way. The Bill for the establishment of a Territorial Government failed to pass, and for a time it must be a lawless community. But the social elements are unusually good, and we may look for an interesting and thoroughly American example of what constitutes a State, and how it grows to maturity, under the best conditions.

WHERE WOMAN HAS THE BEST OF IT.

IN the *Fortnightly* for March, Mrs. Lynn Linton, like the truthful mother-in-law that she is to women, tells her readers that the women who have done the most good in the world are not the ones who desire to put their feet upon the necks of men. "The women of a strong race," says Mrs. Linton, in her eloquent peroration, "in themselves heroines, acknowledge their natural leaders and superiors in men; and the men accept the obedience, which they pay back with homage and protection. The women of a race effete and effeminate take the upper hand, and are the sorceresses who bit and bridle their transformed Lucians at their pleasure."

All this is true, and none know it better than do the sweet, good American women who, year after year, turn their backs on all the cries of "suffrage" and "rebellion" and "liberty," and set their faces, sweet with motherliness, toward works of love and goodness. None know better than these same clever American women that taxation without representation is injustice; but at present they put this in the balance against the evil of representation without taxation, and say nothing. These are our good women. The women in whose lamps the oil has failed see things according to their darkness, and make the air plaintive with their cries. It is a strange thing, but a fact, that such women overlook, among other truths, one grand superiority their lives have over those of men. Women cry for peace, and if they cry right, they get it. Men cry for peace, and perchance they get it, more likely not. Man's life, from the cradle up, is a school of enlightenment. He slips away from his mother's side believing all little boys are mothers' boys and without guile, but when his top has been cheated from him by buttered words, he knows better. That is his first lesson, and the second is like unto it. As a lover he loses his sweet heart, or loses his heart to a false woman. As a young man he is cheated of his birthright, his inheritance or his business. As an older man he is cheated by his friends and his enemies alike. He dare not buy a pound of candy for his youngest child lest he poison it. He dare not buy a block of stock, nor a foot of land, nor a case of goods, without the help of Bradstreet and his lawyer. Even when he shall seek to buy a plot at a burying-ground wherein to lay his weary bones, even then must he seek to read his title clear to that sad spot. Faith, trust, peace! From the cradle to the grave a man spends these like his breath; but a woman! Unless she wills it otherwise, a woman may go to heaven seeing naught but goodness and the peace that passeth understanding.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM.

THERE is one phase of the railroad question which has not received the attention it deserves. We refer to the relation of employers and employes. The railroad is too important, too necessary, to be exposed to the dangers of conflicts like that which recently occurred on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system. Fifty years ago there were 1,000 miles of railway in this country, representing an outlay of \$35,000,000. There are now 135,000 miles, capitalized at over \$8,000,000,000. The railroad interest is the largest single interest in the country. It employs over 600,000 wage-earners, and probably 2,000,000 people are dependent upon it for their support. Yet, as Charles Francis Adams states in a recent magazine article, "no rationally organized railway service—that is, no service in which employer and employed occupy definite relations toward each other, recognized by each and by the body politic—no such service exists."

The majority of those whose names are borne upon the company's pay-rolls belong to an operating department, and it is in this department that strikes take place. The problem is to reduce the difficulties between employers and employes to a minimum, and this can only be done through thorough organization. Mr. Adams points out the fallacy of the usual idea, that the relations between officers and men should be only those ordinarily existing between employers and employed. Something else is required, since a railroad performs public functions, and Mr. Adams emphasizes his proposition, that because something else has not been devised, we have had these numerous and costly strikes. Those in the service of a great railroad consist of two classes—the permanent and the temporarily employed. The former are alone to be considered, although the latter should be regarded as on probation, subject to promotion. The permanent service should be like a national service in many ways, except that it must allow liberty of resignation. The regular service should mean permanence, and a possibility of promotion. "A system should be devised, based on recognized facts—a system which would secure reasonable protection to the employer, and at the same time enable the officers to enforce all necessary discipline. This a permanent service, with a properly organized tribunal to appeal to, would bring about."

Permanent employes should have a prospect of increased pay

and promotion. Moreover, every large railroad should establish a fund, contributed partly by the company and partly by the men, which would provide for hospitals, retiring pensions, sick pensions, and insurance against accident or death. At present the shifting service of many companies offers no inducement to the establishment of such a fund. Yet if this became the custom, funds would rapidly increase, and all employees would feel themselves protected against sickness or accident. A permanent service would imply not only such provision, but also provision for education. That is, the companies must provide men for the future, just as West Point and Annapolis provide men for our army and navy. Such institutions have been already established by one company, and the good results as regards the preparation and the morale of the men are not doubtful.

But Mr. Adams recognizes the fact that such a service is impossible unless those concerned in it are allowed a voice in its management. The problem of giving the employee such a voice without causing demoralization is, perhaps, the most difficult of all, and this has never been faced. Yet Mr. Adams is right in insisting that this question must be faced if a solution of existing difficulties is to be found. A faithful employee, holding his place during good behavior, has a right to be heard in the organization of the tribunal which, in case of suspension, will pass upon his behavior, and any successful system must recognize his rights. In other words, the employees must have representation. With a mixed tribunal, representing both interests, there would be, in the event of agitation among the employees, a regular medium of expression; while, on the other hand, the higher officers would be brought into immediate contact with the men through their representatives, and each would have an equal voice in the management of common interests. In case of a deadlock a decision could be made by a permanent arbitrator, selected in advance.

With such a system, Mr. Adams is justified in believing that the difficulties between railroads and their men would not be repeated. "The movement is the natural and necessary outcome of the vast development of the railroad business, based on a recognition of acknowledged facts and following familiar lines of action." It is time that railroad management as regards traffic, financing and the treatment of employees should be approached in a scientific, fair-minded way. Here is a plan including the principles of Civil-service Reform and a practical way of arbitration. Who will be the first to apply the principle it embodies?

THE ERA OF ELOPEMENT?

IS it to be an era of elopement? If Harriet Byron had flitted with some silken-hosed, gay, doublet and lover 'twixt dusk and dawn of an old-fashioned English Spring morning, to escape from the prunes-and-prism pressure of the then too strictly regulated life of maidenhood, no one would have wondered, unless, perhaps, Sir Charles Grandison—who understood her! Evelina, too, might well have been excused if, in the glad flush of conscious beauty and youth, and with so much dance and rout and music, and handiness of groves haunted by predestined chariots and by gay out-riding cavaliers, she had scorned the tame sweetness of permitted wedding-bells, with their kindly but not exciting accessories of showers of rice and flying *luck-shoe*—not always followed by *buzz-ry*! And who could have chided poor, pretty, despairing Caddy Jellyby, ink-steeped and down-at-heel, had she eloped with her Prince of the Violin, and so abruptly turned her shapely young back equally upon his Department Pa and her Disheveled Ma, who had so tranquilly worked her eager life into the production of umbrellas, flannels and tooth-picks for the sand-disporting, *décolleté* denizens of Borrioboola-Gha!

But these young ladies, with every provocation and temptation to diverge from dutiful ways, starved gossip and rebuffed romance—driving their poor historians at a snail's pace through the last volumes—by remaining honest, home-loving and considerate maidens.

What, then, is the matter, in this far other age of the sovereignty of individual impulse, and in this land, where the supremacy of woman, especially of young woman, is for the first time in the world's history a fact in essence and the prime working factor in social life?

What is the matter with the girls? Not the girls who are drudges in homes barren of comfort, who fag at all sorts of employment in all kinds and grades of factories, shops and businesses; not the girls whose long struggle to keep soul and body together in mutual respect is pure heroism if only because it is not—hope! But the girls whose lives are full of pleasures and opportunities, whose homes are charming shelters, full of comfort, and whose parents live but to obey them! Why do these defy *les convenances* and flee when none pursue, when, indeed, there is no ray of prospect that Lord Ullin will lend glory to the flight by clattering heavily after?

On a Spring morning not so long ago but that the violets that opened to it are worth plucking still, a young girl tied her bonnet on her pretty head, went to the door, and turned and said: "Ta, ta, mamma! I'm going to be wed by a presbyter in Baltimore to the Bery man I most adore," and then actually went and wedded! How is such a thing to be accounted for? In the universal dearth of all things chronicle-able, have attractive young ladies been lured into secret compact with desperate newspaper reporters to furnish sensation at so much *benediction* for each *batch-elor*?

Regular conventional weddings are occasions of heavy expense to all who are interested or participant. There are the bride's dowry and *trousseau*, the bridesmaids' gowns and guests' gowns, the wedding-breakfast or supper, and the wedding-presents, reaching into a wide circle of purses, few of them equal to the tax. The inference is obvious. The era of elopement is really the era of filial sacrifice! The youths and maidens of to-day are not the lawless, frivolous or reckless beings they have been too hastily supposed to be. The daughters and sons of people of station whose incomes, as a rule, are inadequate to the requirements of their positions, they know that to get married in the usual way entails great care and expense upon all concerned; if, knowing this, they considerably prefer to take all costs and risks upon their own vigorous young shoulders, why should parents or guardians object? But seriously, why should any of us oppose the evident tendency of the time? Individuality is a quality more clearly determinable and marked in any infant born to-day than it was in his grandfather in his maturity. The impress on this age is that of the most irresistible enaction of each individual entity; the direct effects being noble and large or the reverse—defined, concentrated and radical, or erratic, sporadic and spurious—according to original quality. But the universal effect is that of a great wealth of differentiated human development, which must be estimated, on the whole, as progress.

But if this were not so, we must understand the condition which we wish to change; and if we find ourselves startled by a single sign and unable to classify it, we may be hopefully, if sorrowfully, sure that we are a long way from that stage in the study of life, or

that method of living it, which grants clear vision above the possibility of actual perplexity, discouragement or despair.

THE recent amendments to the Interstate Commerce Law, intended as they are to prevent the formation of new and gigantic Trusts, will make it still more difficult for monopolists in any one industry to combine with any of the great carrying corporations, and by an unjust discrimination in rates, crush out independent producers. In the original act common carriers were forbidden to exact from one shipper higher rates than were offered to other shippers under the same conditions. The amendments extend this prohibition to the shippers themselves, and impose, as a penalty, imprisonment in the penitentiary for violation of the new provisions. The shipper, therefore, who now induces a common carrier to discriminate in his favor in the matter of rates is not less guilty than the latter was already held to be under the original enactment.

SINCE railway stocks have fallen into a condition of stagnation, and mining stocks have become objects of suspicion, there has been a growing tendency to speculate in Trust certificates. For some time past Standard Oil certificates and others have been freely bandied about in the market, and the rise of the Sugar Trust has given a great impetus to this form of speculation, and yet Trust certificates have no legal status. In this State it has been declared, in the case of the people against the North River Sugar Refining Company, that a corporation is dissolved when it enters into a Trust. Hence it follows that all corporations which go into Trusts are dissolvable. The Trusts have no permanency or continuity, and they cannot acquire this, though they may hope to do so by transferring their corporations to other States for reincorporation. But now that it is understood as the most hateful of monopolies, it is altogether unlikely that the Trust can obtain a legal status anywhere in this country. Gambling in Trust certificates is as dangerous as trifling with dynamite. There may be an explosion which will leave nothing behind.

WHILE all work on the Panama Canal came to an end on March 15th, and the Isthmus is said to be crowded with the destitute laborers anxious to return to their homes in the adjacent West India Islands and elsewhere, the progress made in preparing for the work of building the Nicaragua water-way is most encouraging. The company having the enterprise in charge has recently appointed a board of civil engineers, whose duty it will be to verify the work of the Government experts. Some of the results already obtained are most important. It has been discovered by these gentlemen that the route can be shortened nearly ten miles, and that only twenty-eight instead of forty miles of cutting will be necessary. A proposed new feature is the establishment of two large basins at short distances from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, which will save several miles of excavation and double the tonnage capacity of the canal. It will be remembered that for nearly the entire 169 miles of the new water-way, the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua will be utilized. The necessary capital has been secured, and estimates for material and supplies are now being received. From present prospects 1894 will see the completion of the great undertaking.

THE movement for ballot-reform legislation is making sure progress throughout the country, encouraged, no doubt, by the revelations regarding the last Presidential election. The prevention of bribery, the reduction of expenses, and the simplification of the system are objects aimed at in various ways; but the prevention of bribery by providing a wholly secret ballot, or by other means, and the prevention of repeating, or other fraudulent voting, are the primary purposes of this legislation. So much has been done to arouse public sentiment, that it is believed three States at least will pass complete ballot-reform laws before the close of their present legislative sessions. These are Missouri, Wisconsin and Nebraska. There is a possibility, also, that such legislation will be enacted in Connecticut. The law in Missouri will probably embody the Australian system, and a similar Bill has already passed one branch of the New Jersey and the Nebraska Legislatures. The Senate of Wisconsin has passed a Bill extending the present Milwaukee law to the whole State. This law provides for secret official ballots printed and distributed at public expense.

THE Administration has greatly annoyed the politicians by announcing that "offensive partisanship" will not be considered a valid charge to secure the dismissal of public officials before the expiration of their commissions. It is true that one or two removals have been made on this ground, but the President has since concluded that the policy is not a sound one, and no attempt will be made to enforce it. If an official has been really offensive in a personal way to patrons of his office, that will constitute an offense by itself, but mere participation in caucuses and conventions and quiet political work will not be construed as offensive. The President's view is said to be that office-holding does not deprive a person of any of his rights as a citizen, and among these rights he gives a place to political activity. He will not endeavor to repress it so long as it does not interfere with an officer's efficiency among his own appointees, and he will not apply a different rule to the members of the other party. This is, as we believe, the true view, and if the Administration shall adhere to it honestly and consistently, nobody except possibly a few radical "reformers" will make serious objection.

THE latest performance of the notorious Mr. Ross Winans, in his character as Scotch landlord, entitles him to rank with the worst types of the class of men who have made the land question one of the most troublesome problems British statesmen have ever had to deal with. For years Winans has been grabbing, by purchase as well as by lease for long terms, large tracts in the Highland and central districts of Scotland. Almost the first thing he does when he becomes the owner or lessee of half a county or so is to give notice to quit to the entire population, except a few game-keepers and shepherds. His idea seems to be that the land of Scotland was made, not for men and women, but for deer and grouse and partridge, and accordingly he has converted his estates into vast game preserves, over which one might travel for days without seeing a human habitation. This system, it appears, "pays better" than farming. For the privilege of shooting over a Highland estate sporting gentlemen from England are willing to give much larger sums than can be got from farmers in the shape of rent—hence the latter are driven out to make way for the sportsman, and the land in a great part of Scotland, once covered with happy homes, is rapidly reverting to the condition in which it was found by the Roman invaders more than eighteen centuries ago. A couple of weeks since, Mr. Winans was in the courts in Edinburgh endeavoring to deprive the people living in the neighborhood of his estate at Strathglass of a right of way across a ford which has been a common privilege for generations. The contention of Winans was not only that the people had no right to cross the ford, but that

they were not even entitled to take legal action against him to maintain such right. This peculiar view did not commend itself to the judges. On the contrary, it appeared to them that the farmers were justified in appealing to the law, and judgment was given allowing the right of way pending a final decision on the whole question.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has received a great deal of advice regarding the appointment of a successor to Justice Matthews on the Supreme Bench, but appointments like that of Lincoln to England and others show, if further proof were needed, that the President has a mind of his own. He will appoint a Republican, but not, it is to be hoped, a Republican with whom partisanship is stronger than the judicial temperament. Whatever choice may be made, it is tolerably certain that President Harrison will not select a man who has so far forgotten his own self-respect and the dignity of the office as to lobby for a place on the Supreme Bench. It is humiliating to read that Judge Granger, formerly of the Ohio Supreme Bench, has telegraphed to Washington friends that he will apply for the vacancy, and ex-Postmaster-general Creswell is another candidate for the same position. The very idea of a "candidate" "working" for the place like an applicant for a country post-office is most offensive to all ideas of decency and dignity. "Workers" are tolerated to a remarkable degree in the distribution of spoils, but the line should be drawn at the Supreme Bench. We do not believe that any "worker" or self-announced "candidate" will be successful. This is pre-eminently a case where the office should seek the man.

CERTAIN colored citizens have been moved to express their indignation at the discharge of some domestics from the White House. Mrs. Harrison, it seems, cannot be a friend of the colored race to which these domestics belonged, and it is the duty of their friends to signify their displeasure at an act which seems to imply that the President's wife really means to be the mistress of her own house. Eternal vigilance, it has been well said, is the price of liberty; and what is the use of liberty to the colored man, unless he can stay where he pleases, whether he is wanted or not? What can be done for the American negro, if the occupant of the White House is to arrogate to himself the right to discharge a man-servant or a coachman who does not give satisfaction? What Mrs. Harrison is permitted to do, many ladies, Republican and Democratic, will be disposed to think that they also may do, and there will be a simultaneous outpouring into Fifth Avenue and other streets, of noble and unnecessary waiters and footmen, with swelling hearts and not less swelling demeanor. As in the private houses, so in the clubs and the hotels, and every colored ruler of the pantry and the ante-room will be suddenly called upon to earn his salt. No true Republican can think of these things without dismay, and Mrs. Harrison ought to be warned in time that persistence in the application of old-world methods to the rule of her household may have consequences more than terrible for the country. It is not now as in the olden time. The house of the modern world is a home for the servants, and may be used by the master and the mistress so long as they conduct themselves with propriety.

A COMMISSION appointed by the British House of Lords has for some time been engaged in investigating the grievances of the nail and chain makers of London, who have been agitating against short pay and long hours, and what is known as the truck system under which the workers are compelled to deal in stores conducted in the interest of the employers. In the course of the investigation many striking facts have been brought out. One man said that at his business of nail-making he "could only grind out ten shillings and sixpence (two dollars and a half) a week at best," and out of this he had to pay two shillings (half a dollar) for fuel and tools, the fuel not being for home consumption, but for use at his work. His wife, a woman sixty-eight years old, had also to work hard, and she "could make two shillings and sevenpence a week net"—that is, a trifle more than half a dollar. As to the hours of labor, the witness stated that he had known both young and married women to work till eleven o'clock at night. It appears that the nailers get their wages from an official known as the "fogger," and that they must buy their household necessities at a store kept by the "fogger's" wife or mother or sister, where the prices are usually twenty-five per cent. over the market rate. Any person declining to patronize the store soon finds himself out of a job. Other evidence was presented as to the abominable condition of the workshops with regard to ventilation and sanitary arrangements in general, and statements of a painful character were made by clergymen showing that the moral atmosphere in which the female nail-makers of London earn their half-dollar each per week is not in the very purest state. Facts such as these are worthy of note by our American artisans. They illustrate the beauties and advantages of free trade in a country where that system has been in operation close on half a century.

ERE the curtain rises on the great historical play of the Washington Inauguration Centennial, the public stage is occupied by a roaring farcicality, enacted between the New York State Legislature and the Citizens' Committee, of which latter august body Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry is chairman. The Legislators, casually looking over the plan of arrangements drawn up by the representatives of "the Four Hundred," are moved to remark: "This is all very well; but where do we come in?" "Oh, you'll have complimentary tickets to the ball, and to grand-stand No. 2, at Madison Square," replies the Committee. "The general public will be admitted to view the parade from that same stand, it is true; but it will cost them two dollars a head. So you see how you are honored." "Not much!" the Legislators insist. "We want to bring our wives and children, and pretty cousins, and such grandfathers as we may chance to be blessed with. Guess we shall have to make a special appropriation and put up a stand of our own." "If you do," retorts Mr. Gerry, sharply, "we'll switch off the procession, so that you and your stand will be left." "You will, will you?" comes the defiant rejoinder from Albany. "Suppose we withdraw our appropriation enabling the militia to participate in the parade? That knocks 13,000 soldiers out of your procession at one crack." "Anyway," adds Adjutant-general Porter, "Governor Hill, as Commander-in-chief, can direct the New York troops wherever he may see fit; and the Grand Army veterans of New York, at least, will go the same way. How does that strike you?" It strikes the Committee "all of a heap," apparently, and the public audience roars with laughter at the situation. Funny it is, no doubt; only, such fun is sadly out of place. If it does not stop suddenly, it will spoil the celebration. Thoughtful people may well ask how an anniversary of the compact of our Union is to be honored by disunion, and if the patriotic display in which every American should take a just pride is to be

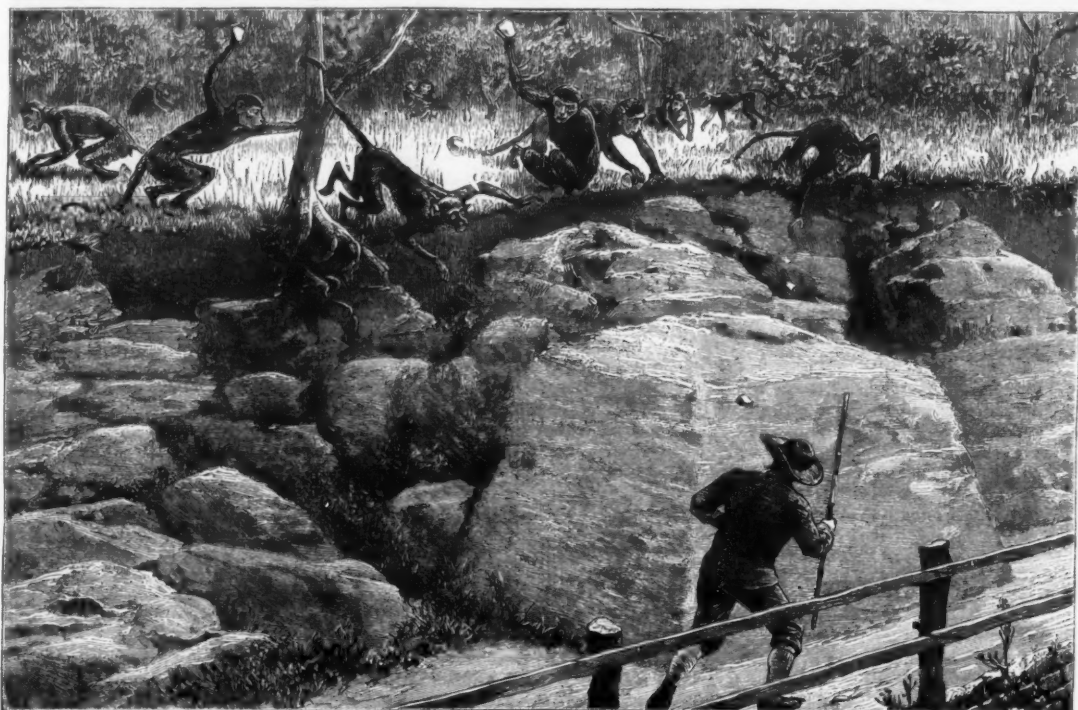
—"butchered to make a blue-blood holiday."

Let unseemly squabbles cease, and all factions unite upon the essential business at hand—the fitting commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of our first President's inauguration.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 139.



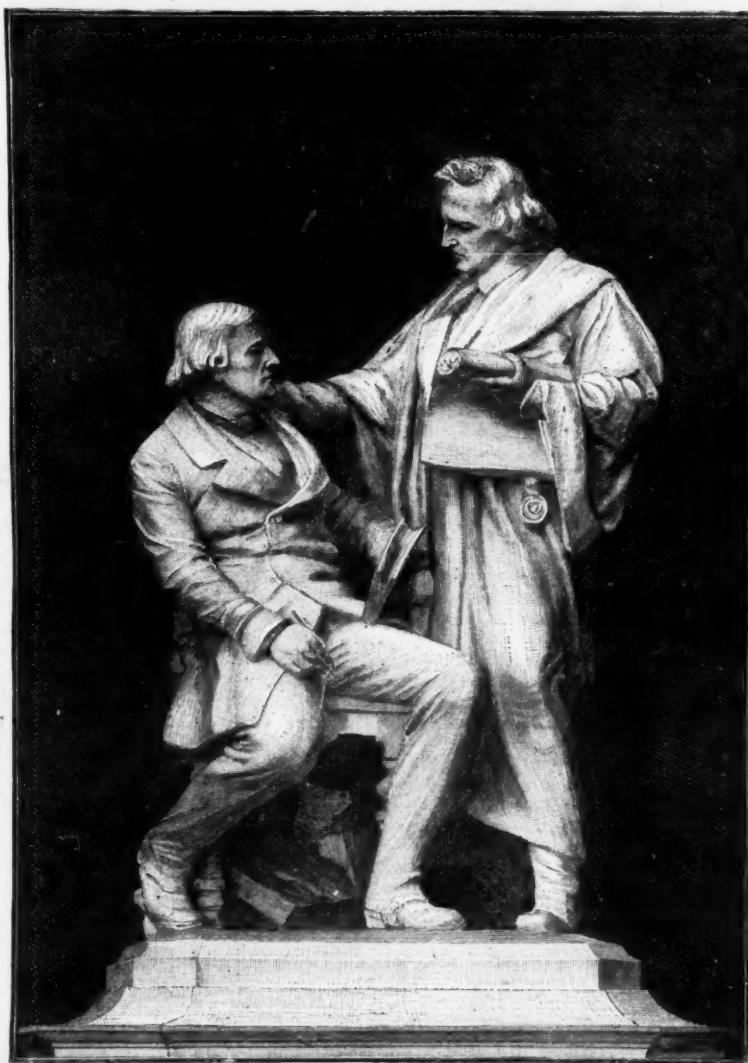
SERVIA.—ALEXANDER I., THE NEW KING.



INDIA.—A TRAVELER STONED BY MONKEYS IN THE HIMALAYAS.



FRANCE.—THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.—CAR OF THE GREAT PIPE.



GERMANY.—STATUE TO THE BROTHERS JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM, TO BE ERECTED AT HANAU.



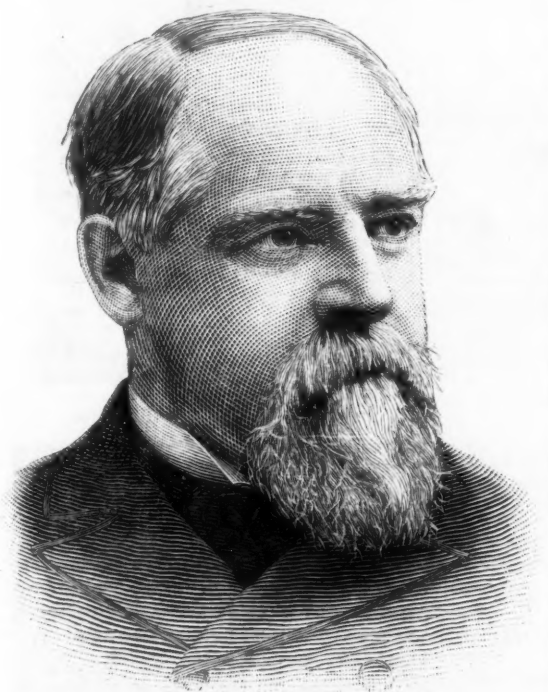
ITALY.—DANCE OF NATIVE CINGALESE, AT THE MILAN CARNIVAL.



ENGLAND.—THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD, NATURALIST.

CHARLES E. MITCHELL,
THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.

HON. CHARLES E. MITCHELL, of New Britain, Conn., the new Commissioner of Patents, was born in Bristol in 1837, and was educated at Williston Academy, Easthampton, Mass.; at Brown University, where he was graduated in the Class of 1861; and at the Albany Law School, from which he was graduated in 1864. He settled in New Britain, and soon built up a successful practice. Mr. Mitchell has been a busy man in his profession, and has declined various opportunities to enter public life. He represented New Britain in the General Assembly in the sessions of 1880 and 1881. In the former year he was House Chairman of the Committee



CONNECTICUT.—HON. CHARLES E. MITCHELL, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.
PHOTO. BY MOFFITT.

on Incorporations, and together with Hon. John R. Buck, the Senate Chairman, redrafted the joint-stock laws of the State, an important piece of legislation. In 1881 he was an influential member of the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Mitchell has always been a straightout Republican.

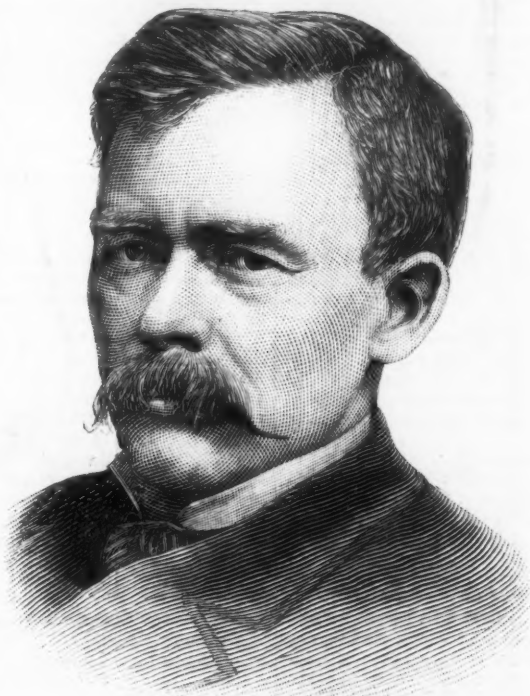
Naturally, in a thriving manufacturing city like New Britain much of the most important litigation is in connection with patent rights, and Mr. Mitchell made patent law a specialty. For years he has stood near the head of his profession in the United States as a patent lawyer, his practice being almost entirely in the United States courts. The well-known firm name is "Mitchell & Hungerford," the junior member being Frank L. Hungerford, Esq.

Mr. Mitchell is splendidly qualified for the duties of the important position to which he has been invited. And while Connecticut



OHIO.—MURAT HALSTEAD, NOMINATED AS U. S. MINISTER TO GERMANY.
PHOTO. BY LANDY.—SEE PAGE 139.

is proud to claim him as a citizen, it is gratifying to know that his indorsers for the office were not confined to State or national lines. He is recognized as one of New Britain's foremost citizens, of the first character, prominent in all useful ways in Church, in municipal affairs and in social life. In 1866 he was married to Miss Cornelia A. Chamberlain, sister of Hon. V. B. Chamberlain, of New Britain, late State Treasurer, and of Hon. Abiram Chamberlain, President of the Home National Bank of Meriden. He has a delightful home, with three boys, the oldest just of age.



NEW YORK.—CORPORAL JAMES TANNER, THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.
PHOTO. BY GARDNER & CO., BROOKLYN.



NEW YORK.—HON. ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE,
U. S. MINISTER TO RUSSIA.
SEE PAGE 138.



NEBRASKA.—HON. PATRICK EGAN, U. S. MINISTER TO CHILE.
PHOTO. BY MERRITT.—SEE PAGE 138.

CORPORAL JAMES TANNER,
THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.

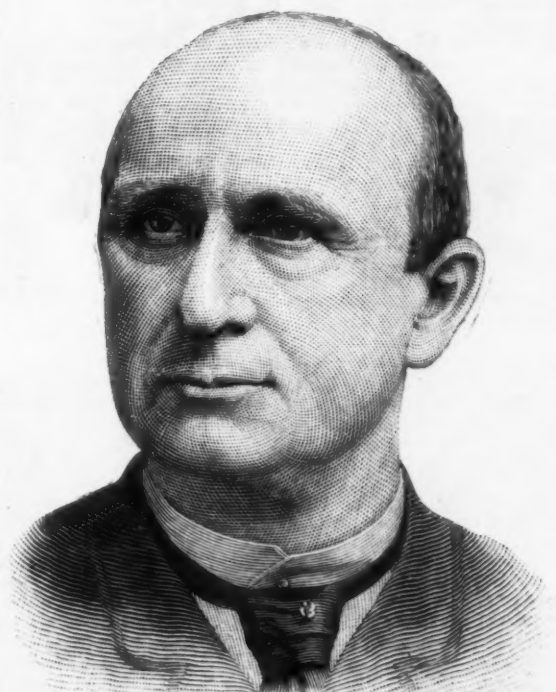
IN the appointment of Corporal James Tanner, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as Commissioner of Pensions, President Harrison has apparently given satisfaction to the veterans of the Civil War, to whom the appointee has been known as a conspicuous advocate of every measure looking to the promotion of their interests.

Corporal Tanner was born in Schoharie County, New York, in 1844, and in September, 1861, when only seventeen years of age, he enlisted as a private in the Eighth New York Infantry Volunteers, which was assigned to Kearny's Division of the Third Army Corps. In the second battle of Bull Run, Tanner, who then wore



MICHIGAN.—HON. EDWIN WILLITS, ASSISTANT SECRETARY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
PHOTO. BY J. D. MERRITT.—SEE PAGE 139.

the chevrons of corporal, was struck by a piece of shell, and the result was amputation of both legs on the battle-field. In 1864 he was appointed to a clerkship in the War Department, which he held for a year. An incident of his life as a clerk was his being called into the room in which Abraham Lincoln lay dying, to take down in short-hand certain testimony bearing on the assassination. Later, he studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1869. In the same year he was appointed a clerk in the New York Customhouse, and was promoted through the various grades to the Deputy Collectorship, which position he held under General Arthur, who was then Collector of the Port. He resigned on being appointed Collector of Taxes for the City of Brooklyn, a position he held for four years. As incumbent of that office Corporal Tanner collected about \$60,000,000, every dollar of which was properly



KANSAS.—HON. THOMAS RYAN, U. S. MINISTER TO MEXICO.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 138.

accounted for. The confidence of his townsmen, both in his integrity and his ability, was attested by the fact that he experienced no difficulty in obtaining sureties on his official bond, which exceeded \$1,000,000. In 1876 he was defeated as the Republican candidate for Register, and in the next year met the same fate when he was the Republican candidate for Sheriff; but he ran several thousand ahead of his ticket on both occasions. Corporal Tanner has been for twenty-two years a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and has twice served as Department Commander

of New York. He has been an active member of the Committee on Pensions of the Grand Army since that committee was raised, and he has always held most liberal views as to the pensioning of veterans. In a recent interview he said: "I believe in giving every Union soldier, his widow or orphan, who is in need, a pension, and in giving it to him or her as quickly as possible."

While on a visit to Richmond, Va., and in conversation with several ex-Confederate soldiers, mention was made to Corporal Tanner of the suffering condition of the maimed and disabled ones of the South. He suggested that the citizens take the matter in hand, build and equip a home, and then ask the State to care for it. Upon his suggestion the work was undertaken by philanthropic men of Richmond. To assist them in their work, appeals to the old soldiers of the North were made. In Brooklyn, under the direction of Mr. Tanner, a meeting was held, in the Academy of Music, at which \$1,600 was realized to assist in the erection of a home. The suggestion thus made resulted in securing \$25,000. Corporal Tanner was the first man, North or South, to be made honorary member of Camp Lee, Confederate Veterans, Post No. 1, a compliment of which he feels justly proud.

AT EVENING.

THE day's work that I meant to do
Is not half done;
The victory over selfish ease
Has not been won.

To-morrow, say I to my heart,
To soothe its sorrow;
Ah, yes! but sometime there will come
The last to-morrow. MARY F. BUTTS.

THE JUDGE'S DOUBLE.

A CARNIVAL INCIDENT.

"DEAR papa," said Judge Laurance's pretty daughter, dropping a letter upon the breakfast-table, "good news! Cousin Nelly is coming from New York to spend the winter with us."

"Glad to hear it, my dear," the judge answered, as he broke his egg into a tumbler. "We must do what we can to make her visit a pleasant one."

"That settles it. We must go to the Carnival," said Letty, promptly.

Her father burst out laughing. Ever since the papers had announced the great event Letty had given him no peace. "Go to the Montreal Carnival we must and shall," she had asserted at least a hundred times, for her powers of persistence were strong, and her father was very indulgent; and though he demurred at present, she felt confident of victory. But this sudden visit of Cousin Nelly, his favorite brother's child, was a trump card in her hand. Letty played it and won.

"Now, dear Aunt Bonar," cried the two Misses Laurance together, "do tell us how Charlie is going to dress at the Rink. We're just dying to know, because everybody says it's a dead secret."

"One at a time, please, girls," entreated their aunt, evasively. "Nelly, you're looking splendid. I haven't seen you since you were ten years old."

"When everybody said I was the ugly duckling," retorted that young lady.

"But all's well that ends well," said Mrs. Bonar, with an approving glance at the pretty speaker. "Now, girls, you must stay to tea. Run up-stairs and take your things off."

"How can we, Aunt Bonar, when we are going to the ball at the Windsor to-night?"

"I shan't let you off on that plea. Why, I haven't seen Nelly for ten years. You can leave her early, in time to dress, and Charlie shall take you home."

So it was settled. The two girls tripped up-stairs. Letty, used to the house, led the way. It was getting dark, and inside their aunt's chamber both sat down on a lounge, and, as is the way with girls on the eve of a ball, gossiped for fully half an hour.

"How dreadfully dark it is!" cried Letty, at last. "Light the gas, Nelly."

A bright glare illumined every corner as Nelly complied. She had her back to her cousin, and was standing before a tall pier-glass, when she suddenly saw Letty's face in the mirror. The terror in it horrified Nelly. She turned quickly round. Letty uttered a piercing shriek; then Nelly, looking past her, saw the reason.

A man was standing by the wardrobe, tall and perfectly motionless; his hat came down almost to his neck; his face she could not see. He must have been in the room all the time—indeed, even before they entered it. Of course he was a burglar! Letty still screamed, and fled wildly; but Nelly bravely stood her ground. The absolute stillness of the fellow filled her with a sense of dread. Obeying a sudden impulse, she ran up and shook his arm violently. A strange rustling ensued. Off fell the hat, and the brazen bust of Milton was revealed beneath. Quick-witted Nelly comprehended the situation at a glance, and her aunt and cousin, rushing in together a moment later, found her in fits of laughter.

"It's a straw-man, Letty," she gasped, "that Charlie's put here to frighten us."

"Oh, no, indeed," protested Charlie's mother; "he's not so bad as that. I forgot it was here. It is Charlie's skating get-up for the masquerade at the Victoria Rink."

And now that the cat was out of the bag, their aunt took great pride in showing them this evidence of her beloved son's ingenuity. The youth of Montreal endeavor to out-Herod Herod at these fancy-dress skating entertainments. The ladies blaze in radiant attire and quaint disguise, and many a gallant follows in their train; but proudly high swells the heart of that youth who can sport the supremely grotesque.

Young Bonar had won this distinction. On the back of his straw-man he sailed round the Rink, light of heart and light of heel, the cynosure of every eye. Many an on-looker mistook the straw-man for a real one, as he appeared to toil wearily

by; and many comments from the crowd, pitying his fatigue, were heard by the Misses Laurance, and poured into Charlie's delighted ears. But this was two days later.

"And what does he call the dress?" cried Letty, grown suddenly brave, "and what is this belt for, I wonder?"

"That is to fasten the man to him, and he is down on the Entrance-list as 'Man on Original Hobby-horse,'" replied Mrs. Bonar.

"He ought to go as 'some mute inglorious Milton,'" quoted Nelly, laughing. "That bust is so funny, sewed on to such a figure."

At the tea-table Charlie failed to appear, but a maid brought in a note that had been left. Mrs. Bonar read it, and said, with some disappointment:

"What a pity, girls, Charlie can't return till late. He has sent to say he has been put on the committee of the 'Tuque Bleu Tobogganing Club,' and he will have to take visitors down the 'Slide' all the evening. I shall have to send you back in a cab."

"Never mind," Letty said. "Papa told me to be sure to bring back his silver-fox coat and cape that he left here yesterday. The thaw did not last long, and now he needs them again."

But how paint the girls' chagrin when not a cab was to be found on the stand? Mrs. Bonar sent her maid four streets off to get one, but she returned unsuccessful. As to the horse-cars, each one that passed was crammed like a box of sardines—nay, more, men were hanging on the rails behind. To such straits are the citizens of Montreal reduced in Carnival-time.

Letty was almost in tears; Nelly sat still in silent desperation; Mrs. Bonar wrung her hands.

"Whatever shall we do if we don't get a cab? You ought to be dressing for the ball. Oh, if I could only get a man to send home with you!" Nelly sprang up suddenly.

"And so you can, auntie!" she cried, with a laugh of inspiration; "Charlie's straw-man, of course."

Mrs. Bonar looked bewildered, then remonstrated feebly as Nelly proceeded to carry out her design; but the kind soul would have been almost as disappointed as the girls themselves had they missed the ball. As to Nelly, she argued away all objections, whilst she attired our friend in her uncle's cap and coat, and fastened a walking-stick to his mitten.

"Now, Letty, take the other arm!" she cried; "and, auntie, stand just there and tell us if he don't look the image of Uncle!"

Against her will Mrs. Bonar laughed. She could not deny it, but was loath to countenance such a freak. They were now in high spirits, and carried their escort down-stairs with ease.

"The judge is as light as a feather!" cried Nelly, gleefully. "We can hold him all the way home, and never get a bit tired. We can go along the side streets, which (excuse me for saying so, auntie) are badly lighted, and no one will know the dear old man isn't quite himself."

"Nelly!" cried Mrs. Bonar, rather scandalized.

So the girls sallied forth with their doughty protector, and all went merrily about two-thirds of the way; but a good deal of alarm they both felt before they reached their lodgings. These were situated in a very quiet street, and shortly after turning the corner, the girls heard footsteps behind them; a man was seen approaching them. And now what alarmed the two was the strange conduct of the new-comer. He came up rapidly, as if about to greet them; but just at this point the sham judge stumbled badly, and the girls had as much as they could do to keep him in an erect position. The street led up the hill; the pavement was covered with ice, which Nelly especially found difficult to walk on. The judge's arm to which she clung, alas, could afford no assistance; further, the effort to keep him straight heightened the embarrassing situation.

"Oh, Nelly," whispered Letty, in terror again, "some one is following us."

Nelly had known it for the last five minutes. If she had only known, likewise, they were being looked after by a friend, possibly she might have felt easier in her mind, but probably not. For Miss Nelly, with all her love of fun, would not have relished being laughed at, especially by Harry Hill. He, poor fellow, muttered under his breath that "those poor girls were in a deucedly awkward situation; and who would have thought it of the judge?"

Up the long street toiled the cousins, in mortal terror, with those steady, dogging footsteps ever behind. Twice they crossed the road, and a stealthy figure (as he thought, unobserved) followed them.

"Oh," sobbed Letty, softly, "I don't think the ball is worth it. Let us go into the first house, Nelly."

"With this dummy?" whispered Nelly; "people would think us lunatics. Courage, Letty. We're nearly home."

Oh, the glad relief to get up the familiar steps, and smuggle their escort into their wardrobe! Then both sat down, and Nelly had to do her utmost to keep Letty from going into hysterics. But both went to the ball soon after, in high feather, as pretty a couple as any one could wish to see; and Nelly, waltzing with Harry Hill, never dreamed he had discovered the dark secret she and Letty had sworn to keep. Alas that he should have discovered only the half of it!

Again, at the masquerade, when the girls sat in the Directors' Gallery, and looked down on that gleaming expanse of ice below, with its glittering crowd of skaters that seemed to flock from every land, decked out in bravery of costume that rivaled royalty, they singled out young Bonar and his grotesque companion; they looked at the judge standing behind them in his silver-fox coat, all unconscious of the liberties so lately taken with that handsome garment; they laughed into each other's eyes, did these two naughty cousins, and made young Hill furiously jealous by the whisper of

Charlie Bonar's name, and something about "a friend in need being a friend indeed."

"Haven't we had a lovely time?" said Letty, when the Carnival was over, and they somewhat dolefully prepared to return home.

"That we have," assented Nelly, heartily. "But, Letty, even tobogganing was not as exciting as you know—our secret."

Judge Laurance was due at the Town-hall at ten o'clock one morning. A select committee had been awaiting him there for some time; but still he came not. Upon the faces of the committeemen were varied expressions of embarrassment, chagrin, indignation, and even amusement. The judge had been nominated as the Temperance candidate by the Prohibition party in the coming election. A grateful county had at last recognized his sterling worth, and Parliament, it was confidently affirmed, would shortly fling wide her portals to welcome an able statesman. There was a solid vote for Laurance right through his county. Why, then, this absence of warmth, these alien glances, as the judge at last strode in? Surely not for that trifling delay of five minutes, for which he so amply apologized.

"Hang it, gentlemen," cried the judge, who was easily put out, "what's the matter with you all?"

"It's a very painful duty we have to perform," began a thin old man, with a sad countenance.

"Well, be quick about it, then," said the judge, very sensibly.

There was a dead silence.

"It's a lynching case, perhaps?" said the judge, with sarcasm.

"Look here, Laurance," said another, suddenly, a great personal friend of the judge's, "we want you to retire. After all that's happened, we can't send you up as a Temperance representative."

To this speech, hurriedly uttered, came a strong chorus of support—"No, indeed, we can't now, you know."

In cases of real emergency the judge often kept his temper. He now looked round upon the group with undisguised amazement.

"You must be good enough to explain yourselves, gentlemen," he said.

Another dead silence. At last a member blurted out:

"Judge, we don't want to hurt your feelings, but we can't have a man who's given to drink to represent us."

"I don't know what you mean to insinuate," said the judge, coldly, "but I think every one present knows I haven't tasted a drop of liquor for the last twenty years; though from principle only, not having been 'given to drinking' previously."

"Come now, judge, draw it mild," pleaded the sad-faced man.

"Sir!" thundered Laurance.

"Judge! judge!" repeated the last speaker, sorrowfully, "you've forfeited our confidence and respect already, you're a forfeiting it again."

"I demand an instant explanation," said Laurance, hastily, looking round the circle.

"Well, then," said another member, stepping forward, "you shall have it, plain and unvarnished. You were taken to your lodgings in Montreal, during the late Carnival, in a disgraceful state of intoxication."

"It's a lie!" shouted the judge, and looking up suddenly, saw his niece standing at the open door of the committee-room.

He waved her back, and she vanished immediately.

"Now then," cried the judge, looking very warlike, "where's the author of this scandal?"

Then he turned suddenly pale, as Harry Hill stepped forward. Hill! almost his pretty Nelly's affianced husband.

"Sir," said the young man, with visible emotion, "I solemnly declare I never meant to betray you."

The judge looked thunderstruck, and this was taken as overwhelming proof of his guilt.

"I was so sorry about it," faltered the young man, "that I took Bonar into my confidence. I thought we were entirely alone; I never dreamed our conversation would be overheard."

"It's a lie," repeated the judge. "It was some one else you saw. What made you think of me?"

"No one could mistake your fur coat," cried several voices.

"Pshaw!" said the judge, shortly. "You must bring better evidence, or I'll sue every one of you for libel."

"No one could mistake the Misses Laurance," said the judge's friend, in a low tone.

"What the deuce do you mean?" shouted the judge.

"Why, they were seen supporting you on each side!" cried some one with brutal candor. "I think that's conclusive."

To depict the judge's expression of mingled incredulity and fury were well worthy of a master painter; but ere he could reply, lo! there again stood Nelly in the door-way, grasping by the arm a man who had the impudence to be wearing his own pet overcoat, whilst Letty stood on the other side.

"Here is the real culprit!" cried Nelly's clear voice.

The girls advanced into the room, pushing their companion gently backward. Again the judge's temper got the better of him. This, doubtless, was the impostor for whose offense he had been so lately arraigned. His wrath fairly blazed. Striding forward, he caught hold of the collar of his own coat, exclaiming, as he shook it furiously: "Turn round, you rascal! and let me see your brazen face."

Will the on-lookers ever forget the picture?

Off, fell the hat, as on a previous occasion, and the judge stood glaring upon the bust of Milton, which he held up in one astonished hand, while round the shoulders still hung the silver-fox coat. His savage onslaught had severed the head, and the luckless body, oozing straw, lay prone upon the floor.

Nelly's explanations were drowned in a roar of laughter that shook the building, and that young scape-grace, Bonar, who had followed the girls, stood grinning with delight.

"Just arrived in the nick of time, eh, cousins?" he was saying. "I brought my man along to skate with and create a laugh in your town; but, great Scott, I didn't count on such a triumph!"

Need we say the judge won his election?

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY.

ON Tuesday evening, the 19th ultimo, the iron steamer *Conserva*, under command of Captain John Henry Ankers, sailed from New York for the Dominican port of Samana, ostensibly for the Government of that Republic, but in all probability to be fitted out as a man-of-war to take a hand in the Haytian struggle. She was an old, unseaworthy vessel, formerly called the *Madrid*, and had been remodeled and fitted up by a Brooklyn iron firm, at the Erie Docks. While this work was going on, Minister Stephen Preston, Hayti's representative to this country, believing her to be intended for Hippolyte, promptly libeled her. She had already taken a trial trip, and came near sinking, her sea ports having been opened by some of her crew, who deserted her as soon as she returned to the dock. She was finally released from the libel, and put to sea on the date specified. This was just previous to the storm which did so much damage along the coast a fortnight ago, extending from Long Island on the north to below Charleston on the south, and more than 200 miles out at sea.

In this storm, there is, unhappily, little reason to doubt that the unfortunate *Conserva* was lost, with all on board, five officers and a crew of twenty-three Malays and Lascars.

It is supposed that the wreckage reported by the steamship *Colorado* (from Galveston to New York, Captain Daniels) as having been seen by her on March 23d at 11:30 A.M. was part of the *Conserva*. As reported by the captain of the *Colorado*, when in latitude 37° 50' north, longitude 74° 30', about thirty-five miles east by south of Winter Quarters Lightship, about 180 miles south from New York, they sighted a life-raft containing the bodies of two dead sailors, one of them apparently a Malay. They had evidently died from exposure. The bodies were taken off the raft, examined for possible identification, and then sunk in the sea. For twenty miles farther the *Colorado's* track was strewn with wreckage. Early last week a New York pilot-boat which had been cruising down the coast in search of incoming steamers picked up off Cape Hatteras, in the midst of a lot of wreckage, an empty life-boat with the name *Conserva* painted on her starboard side. Other coastwise steamers, and a second pilot-boat, have since reported having sighted one or more capsized small boats, bearing the name of the ill-fated steamship, and of a class which she is known to have had aboard. The amount and the character of the wreckage found floating in the path of the coasting vessels have given rise to the conjecture that more than one steamer was lost, and that possibly the *Conserva* may have collided with another vessel, and both gone down.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

MR. ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, new United States Minister to Russia, was born in Boston, in 1853; was graduated at Oxford University, England, in 1873; and afterward studied law at Columbia College Law School. He began his literary career by contributions to the New York press and to periodical literature, before he assumed the editorship of the *North American Review*, which he purchased in 1876 for \$3,000, and has since given a world-wide reputation. Mr. Rice happened to be in Paris at the time of the French Revolution of 1870, and was one of the eighteen—although only a spectator—who entered the Hôtel de Ville with Gambetta and heard the Republic proclaimed to the surging crowd below. Mr. Rice also devoted nearly two years of his life to organizing and directing the Charnay Expedition for the exploration of the ruins of Central America, which went out under the joint auspices of the United States and French Governments. This enterprise was successful, and gave to each nation a valuable museum. His most recent contribution to literature has been the "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, by the Most Distinguished Men of his Time," which he edited and prepared for print. In 1866 he was nominated for Congress in the Tenth District, but was defeated by General Spinola. He has been a conspicuous advocate of ballot reform, and he is in a real sense a representative of the best American opinion touching all dominant questions of national policy.

HON. THOMAS RYAN,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO MEXICO.

HON. THOMAS RYAN, who succeeds General and ex-Congressman Edward S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, as United States Minister to Mexico, was born at Oxford, N. Y., November 26th, 1837. Early in life his father settled in the Northern Pennsylvania wilderness, where young Ryan spent his boyhood in Bradford County. He received an academic education, studied law and began its practice, but soon after, in 1862, enlisted in the Union Army, serving two years, and reaching the rank of captain. He was mustered out in 1864, having been incapacitated by wounds received in battle. The next year he removed to Kansas and settled at Topeka, where he soon became prominent in politics, and was elected County Attorney, serving eight years. From 1873 to 1877 he was Assistant United States Attorney. He was elected to Congress in 1876, and has served continuously, being a member-elect of the Fifty-first Congress. In the last Congress he was a prominent member of the Appropriations Committee.

PATRICK EGAN,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHILI.

PATRICK EGAN, the new United States Minister to Chili, was born in Ireland in 1841, and at an early age entered a great corn merchant's firm in Dublin, and soon rose in rank until, long before middle age, he found himself at the head of one of the largest firms in Dublin. He took part in the revolutionary movement which culminated in the attempted insurrection of 1867, and was one of the organizers and members of the Council of the Home Rule League formed in 1871. In 1874 he organized the immense demonstration that greeted the remains of O'Mahoney, the Fenian leader, from New York. He also organized

the popular uprisings that greeted Davitt and his comrades on their release from prison. He was one of the founders of the Land League, and was made its treasurer. In 1880 he was indicted, with Messrs. Parnell, Sexton, Dillon, Biggar and others, for conspiring to incite the tenantry of Ireland not to pay rents, deterring tenants from buying land from which other tenants had been evicted, conspiring for the purpose of injuring the landlords and forming combinations for the purpose of carrying out these unlawful ends. The trial was a solemn mockery, but the jury was finally discharged without agreeing on a verdict. After the Phoenix Park murders in 1882, which Mr. Egan always denounced as a piece of atrocious folly, he came to this country and settled in Nebraska, where he has since lived. He has been engaged in the grain trade during his residence here, and has also taken an active part in politics as a member of the Republican party. From 1884 to 1886 he was President of the American branches of the Irish League, of which Parnell is the chief. He is a man of methodical life and habit, and it was owing to this trait that he was enabled to expose the Pigott forgeries, with which the London Times attempted to convict Parnell of encouraging crime in Ireland. Mr. Egan has always acted with the Republican party.

MURAT HALSTEAD,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY.

MURAT HALSTEAD, nominated for the position of United States Minister to Germany, has been for many years a conspicuous figure in the politics of the country. He was born on a farm in Butler County, O., in 1829, and from his earliest years was distinguished as a student and untiring reader. His first piece of newspaper work was done when he was only eighteen years of age. In 1851 he finished his schooling at Farmers' College, near Cincinnati, and then decided to study law, of which he soon tired. He did local newspaper-reporting on several Cincinnati papers, and in 1853 became manager of a department on the Cincinnati Commercial. The following year he acquired a small interest in the paper, and it began rapidly to increase in circulation and influence, so that in 1866 it was considered one of the most potent newspapers in the West. He reorganized the system of collecting news, and by encouraging young writers in small towns he built up a fine and efficient news service. For a time he pursued an independent course in politics, but ultimately he allied himself with the Republican party, though he supported Mr. Greeley's candidacy in 1872. A few years ago the Commercial and its principal rival, the Gazette, were consolidated and brought under one management, with the name of the Commercial-Gazette. Mr. Halstead retaining the editorial chair, and Mr. Richard Smith becoming publisher of the joint concern. Mr. Halstead has visited Great Britain and the Continent several times, and during the Franco-Prussian War was the correspondent in the field for his own paper. He walked over the battlefield of Gravelotte after the conflict was ended, and it was to him that Archibald Forbes owed the personal description of scenes which the English correspondent embodied in a famous dispatch, but which he was too late to see for himself. He is well known in official circles in Germany, and, in the event of his confirmation, which at this writing seems doubtful, he will be cordially welcomed as the representative of this Government at the Court of Berlin.

HON. EDWIN WILLITS,

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

HON. EDWIN WILLITS, the new Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, is widely known and respected as a man of thorough education and noble attainments. Mr. Willits was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, April 24th, 1830, but removed to Michigan in September, 1836; graduated at the University of Michigan in June, 1855, and located at Monroe, April, 1856. He studied law with Senator I. P. Christianity, of that State, was admitted to the Bar in December, 1857, and has practiced law ever since. He was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Monroe County in 1860, and held the office until December 31st, 1862. He was elected a member of the State Board of Education in 1863, and was re-elected in 1866, holding the position for twelve years, and was on the Commission to revise the Constitution of the State in 1873. He was editor of the Monroe Commercial from 1856 to 1861. He was elected to the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses, and was re-elected to the Forty-seventh Congress as a Republican, receiving 18,945 votes against 16,596 votes for W. H. Walby, Democrat, and 1,179 votes for F. T. Chester, Greenback. He was also one of the foremost and most influential friends of the Bill to establish agricultural-experiment stations in the several States and Territories, which became a law two or three years ago. For the past eight years Mr. Willits has been President of the State Agricultural College of Michigan.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the only surviving daughter of Lyman Beecher, and the one member of that gifted family, perhaps, for whom literary immortality may be most surely predicted, is calmly awaiting, in her home at Hartford, Conn., the nightfall that must soon close the long and busy day of her life. She is now in her seventy-ninth year. Last Fall she survived, almost miraculously, as it seemed, a severe crisis of illness; but recent reports give reason to fear that the rally of her vital forces was only temporary. A visitor to the Forest Street homestead, in Hartford, toward the close of last year, draws a pleasant picture of her declining days, which may serve as sufficiently characteristic of this stage of her existence: "No one can pass nearly four-score years without having some reminders that human nature has its limits of existence. Mrs. Stowe has no special ailment to complain of, but she admits that physically she tires more easily than of old, and that her mind does not respond as readily to her will as in days gone by. She frequently forgets names and faces, and will not trust herself with messages; she wearies quickly of desultory conversation, even when among her dearest friends. Never, however, does she tire of the prattle of her little grandson, whose father, Rev. Charles Stowe, is pastor of a Hartford church. She has announced that her literary career is ended, but does not believe that her earthly race is run. Her late sickness frightened her, yet she has since boasted that nothing but a taste of Hartford air was needed to make her well again. She says,

with touching pathos, that her heart goes out more to friends in the other world than here, but she never seems to brood over eternity or to be impatient to have 'faith lost in full fruition.' If her summons is to come only in the natural course of old age, there may still be many pleasant years of life's evening before her."

That it may indeed be so, uncounted legions of admirers, the world over, will sincerely wish. Many, no doubt, have pictured her in fancy, as the artist has so sympathetically done in reality, reviewing in musing reminiscence the children of her genius, as their familiar images present themselves clearly and vividly against the mists of memory. No need to point out to popular recognition the faces and forms of Uncle Tom, little Eva, Topsy, and the rest! Surely the life is blessed which can summon forth such immortal characters to perpetuate its fame!

"This is to be new made, when thou art old. And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold."

THE OPENING OF OKLAHOMA.

THE proclamation of the President opening Oklahoma to settlement on the 22d inst. was received with demonstrations of the greatest joy among the boomers assembled along the Kansas border. At Wichita flags were displayed, cannon were fired, and bonfires built. In some of the camps, men who had been waiting for months received the news with dancing, songs and tears, embracing each other in a wild delirium of joy. Reports from a number of Kansas points indicate that a monster exodus to "the promised land" will begin within a week or two, unless the thousands now preparing to go can be induced to examine the situation carefully, under the provisions of the proclamation. But 1,887,000 acres of land will be opened to homesteaders on the date mentioned, which would afford a claim of 160 acres to each of 11,798 settlers; but there will be any number of town sites and plenty of waste land, so that not more than 10,000 homesteads will be available.

The smallest estimate of the number of people now encamped on the borders of Oklahoma or en route is 20,000, and people who have examined the situation thoroughly declare that fully 40,000 will be prepared to cross the line on the opening day and begin locating claims. It is easy to picture the state of affairs that is sure to follow. With each settler in quest of a quarter-section, and only 10,000 of these to be had, in a short time every section would have from ten to twenty claimants, each resolved to hold his ground. It will be fortunate, indeed, if serious trouble does not follow.

NAVAL DISASTER IN SAMOAN WATERS.

DISPATCHES from Samoa, by way of Auckland, furnish the startling intelligence that the American men-of-war *Trenton*, *Vandalia* and *Nipsic*, and the German men-of-war *Adler*, *Oiga* and *Eber* were driven on a reef during a violent storm and totally wrecked. Of the American crews four officers and forty-six men were drowned, and of the German crews nine officers and eighty-seven men lost their lives. The storm occurred on March 16th. It is also reported that sixteen merchantmen were lost.

All the American war-ships wrecked belonged to the Pacific Squadron. The *Nipsic*, Commander D. W. Mullan, was a third-rate unarmored wooden vessel of the cruiser type. She was 185 feet between perpendiculars, of 1,375 tons displacement, and had compound engines. She was bark-rigged, but when steaming was propelled by a screw. She carried six nine-inch smooth-bore guns, one eight-inch and one sixty-pound rifle gun. She was exceptional in the fact that six of her eight boilers were larger than those of the other ships of her class, and had two furnaces each.

The *Trenton*, Captain N. H. Farguhar, was the most important of the unarmored wooden cruisers. She had a ram-bow and was ship-rigged. She was 250 feet between perpendiculars and had a displacement of 3,900 tons. She was propelled by a screw operated by a compound engine, and carried ten eight-inch muzzle-loading rifles and four light guns for saluting purposes. She was launched in 1875.

After the ships of the *Trenton* class, those of the *Vandalia* type are the most important of the second-rate unarmored wooden cruisers. The *Vandalia* was launched in 1875. She was bark-rigged and was of 2,100 tons displacement. She was 216 feet between perpendiculars and had two compound engines, operating a four-bladed propeller, arranged to revolve when the ship was under sail.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

ALEXANDER I. OF SERBIA.

ON Wednesday of the first week in March, King Milan of Serbia abdicated the throne in favor of his son, the Crown Prince Alexander. His resolve was not definitely known until the very day when he read the Act of Abdication to the Ministers, State officials, officers, and members of the Diplomatic Body, who had come to the palace to congratulate him on the seventh anniversary of his proclamation as King of Serbia. Having finished reading, the King knelt down before his son, and in the presence of the arch-priest solemnly took the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, this example being followed by the members of the Regency, whom he had previously nominated to take charge of the Government during the young King's minority. King Alexander I. was born on August 14th, 1876, and the Regency, which is composed of M. Jovan Ristitch, General Protitch and General Belimarkovitch, is appointed for the five and a half years which must elapse before the King completes his eighteenth year and attains his majority. The young King is described as a tall, slim-looking boy, with deep black eyes and the keen, penetrating look peculiar to his father, whose nervousness, restlessness and haughty bearing he also inherits.

STONED BY MONKEYS.

This incident happened to an artistic correspondent of the London *Graphic*, who writes: "I had started in the early morning on a march between Baramoola and Murree. The road led along the side of the mountains, and in many places was a mere path hewn out of the solid rock. In one part there was a projecting rail at the edge of the track—on the right was a sheer drop of several hundred feet, on the left rose an almost perpendicular cliff. As I advanced along the path I saw two large monkeys seated on the rail. One of them when he saw me jumped upon the rock. Just for fun I picked up a small stone and threw it at the other, when he, too, bounded up the cliff and

disappeared. I thought no more of the incident, but before I had gone forty yards a couple of stones whistled close by my head. I looked up, and there on a ledge of rock were about a dozen monkeys, all busy throwing stones at me. They seemed to 'shy' them just as a man would do, and very fairly straight, so much so that I thought it wise not to stay to make a very critical examination."

CARNIVAL SCENES AT NICE AND MILAN.

The carnival at Nice, this Spring, was exceptionally brilliant and merry. The grand procession—which is distinctively native in character, and cosmopolitan, like the battle of the flowers—included six elaborate cars, or "floats," one of which, a humorous allegory of the Pipe, is represented in the engraving. There is a chief, throned in state, smoking a colossal meerschaum, in the bowl of which, instead of tobacco, are a group of pretty children. At Milan, a troupe of traveling Cingalese were pressed into service for the carnival festivities, and, dressed in the picturesque garments of Ceylon, gave their sacred and other dances, to the music of their native drum and pipe.

THE STATUE TO THE GRIMM BROTHERS.

The brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, authors of the immortal and world-famous "Fairy Tales," were born in the German town of Hanau—Jacob in 1785, and his brother a year later. Wilhelm died in 1859, and Jacob in 1863. A "Grimm Centenary" was celebrated at the University of Berlin on the 4th of January, 1885. Since that anniversary, the erection of a monument to the brothers, at Hanau, their native town, was provided for. Competitive designs were furnished, by eminent sculptors, and that of Herr Max Wiese has secured the first prize. Our engraving shows merely the group which is to crown the monument. It represents the brothers in affectionate conference, as they habitually worked. The elder, standing, holds a manuscript scroll in one hand, while the other rests on his brother's shoulder.

REV. J. G. WOOD.

The late Rev. John George Wood, who did more to popularize the study of natural history than any writer of the present age, was the son of a surgeon, was born in London in 1827, and was educated at the Ashbourne Grammar School and Merton College, Oxford. After being attached for two years to the Anatomical Museum at Christchurch, Oxford, he was ordained in 1852 as chaplain to the Boatmen's Floating Chapel. This post he held for four years, and in 1856 he was appointed assistant chaplain to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. From 1868 to 1876 he held the post of Precentor of the Canterbury Diocesan Church Union. Among Mr. Wood's numerous works on Natural History are "Common Objects of the Sea-shore," "Homes without Hands," "The Natural History of Man," "Our Garden Friends and Foes," and his larger "Natural History," in three volumes. From the appearance of his first book—the smaller "Natural History"—in 1852, until his recent death he scarcely allowed himself a single day's holiday, and every moment of his time was employed in one of the many different branches of his life-long work.

BLOOD-ORANGES.

A WRITER in *Chambers's Journal* says: "The blood-orange is a mere variety of the sweet orange obtained by cultivation, and appears first to have been raised by the Spanish gardeners in the Philippine Islands, from the capital of which (Manila) it, together with the well-known cigars, formed at one time one of the chief articles of export. On its first appearance in Europe it excited a considerable sensation; and in the last century very high prices were demanded for the trees which bore the wonderful fruit. None, however, now come to us from Manila, our supply being derived almost entirely from Malta, where great pains and attention are bestowed upon their cultivation. It was for a long time supposed, and, indeed, the idea is not yet quite extinct, that blood-oranges were produced by the grafting of the orange with the pomegranate; but there is not the slightest foundation for this belief."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

The oldest city in the world, Damascus, is about to have street-cars and gas-lamps.

The New York *Sun* says that the feature of Edison's exhibit at the Paris Exposition will be an enormous model of an incandescent lamp, forty feet high and made entirely of small incandescent lights, of which it will be necessary, it is said, to use 20,000. The French and American flags will be worked out in incandescent lamps on either side of the big lamp.

The British Cabinet has decided to propose at the next session of Parliament a land-purchase scheme for Ireland. The measure will be similar to the plan proposed by Mr. Chamberlain. The Ministry has also resolved to introduce in 1891 an Irish Local Government Bill. The measure provides for extensive changes in the management of internal affairs in Ireland.

CHICAGO is preparing for a great celebration of the Centennial of the Adoption of the Constitution, and from present indications fully 100,000 people will take part in the exercises, which are to be held in nearly every public hall in the city. The children in the public schools also will have commemorative exercises, and an effort is being made to have school-children throughout the State engage in similar celebrations on the same day.

The *Engineer* says: "The speed of railroad trains is restricted within three theoretical limits: First, a physical limit of eighty miles an hour, beyond which it is found impossible for a train to hold the track; second, an operating limit of sixty miles an hour, which practical experience has found trains cannot run without much damage to life; third, a commercial limit of thirty miles per hour, at which, all things considered, it is found most economical to run a train."

We agree with the Boston *Transcript* that "Postmaster-general Wanamaker has acted wisely in reinstating in the practical administration of the railway-mail service such veteran officials as Mr. Bigelow, the former head of the New England division, and Mr. Jackson, ex-superintendent of the New York division. Mr. Bigelow was retained in office by Vilas until the latter was compelled to yield to political pressure and remove him. Mr. Jackson was removed last year, and his removal was one of the most unpopular acts of the Cleveland Administration. These appointments are guarantees that the railway-mail service will be restored to the high standard of efficiency it attained before the Cleveland Administration came into office."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EDMUND YATES nets \$30,000 a year from his society paper, the London *World*.

LORD COLERIDGE has collected \$35,000 for the widow and daughter of Matthew Arnold.

REV. SAM SMALL, the revivalist and Prohibition candidate, has decided to be a candidate for Congress from the Fifth Georgia District.

SIX weeks after the adjournment of the Senate, Senator John Sherman and his family will make a trip to Europe for rest and recreation.

THE Captain-general of Cuba gave a dinner, last week, in honor of ex-President Cleveland and his party, who spent the week on the island.

A PROPOSITION has been made to confer the freedom of the City of Edinburgh on Mr. Parnell. A majority of the municipal authorities are in favor of the proposition.

THE Emperor of Austria intends to visit England this year in such strict incognito that no one but himself and his attendants will know anything about it till he is at home again.

THE French Cabinet has unanimously resolved to prosecute General Boulanger, and the Senate has passed a Bill constituting itself a special court for the trial of crimes against the State.

JOAQUIN MILLER has been appointed by the Governor of California a member of the State Forestry Commission. The post has taken a great interest in the preservation of California's forests.

SEVERAL ballots for a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Chace have been taken in the Rhode Island Legislature, but without result. The leading candidates are ex-Governor Wetmore and Nathan F. Dixon.

GENERAL WALLER, ex-Consul-general at London, has been tendered a number of farewell dinners. The chief banquet to him will be given at the Hotel Metropole, London, May 2d. It will be an affair of 230 covers.

HONG YEN CHANG, the only Chinese lawyer in the Empire State, pleaded and won his first case in a Brooklyn court, one day last week. He was dressed in Caucasian clothing of fashionable cut, and spoke English fluently.

SENATOR QUAY probably receives more registered letters at present than any other single individual in Washington. They are registered so as to secure an acknowledgment of their receipt, and all cover applications for office.

QUEEN VICTORIA paid a visit to Queen Regent Christina of Spain at San Sebastian last week. The reception of the visitor was marked by an imposing military and popular display, and she was entertained by dances and games in the public square.

THE President has appointed J. Otis Humphrey, of Illinois, Alfred M. Wilson, of Arkansas, and ex-Governor George D. Robinson, of Massachusetts, a commission to treat with the Cherokee and other Indians with relation to the opening of the Oklahoma country.

IN the domestic arrangements at the White House Mrs. Harrison superintends the work of the laundresses, chambermaids and cooks; Mrs. McKee has charge of the waiters, the china and the glassware, and Mrs. Russell Harrison purchases the supplies of food and wine.

GEORGE CHANDLER, nominated last week to be First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, is about forty-eight years of age and has been a resident of Kansas for twenty years. He is Judge of a State court, which is the only public office he ever held. He is a gentleman of high character, irreproachable life and great attainments in his profession.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER is said to have selected Mr. John Field for Postmaster of Philadelphia. Mr. Field is a prominent business man of high character and admitted executive capacity. The local party "bosses," who wished to run the post-office for party purposes, have opposed the appointment, but the business community unanimously favor it.

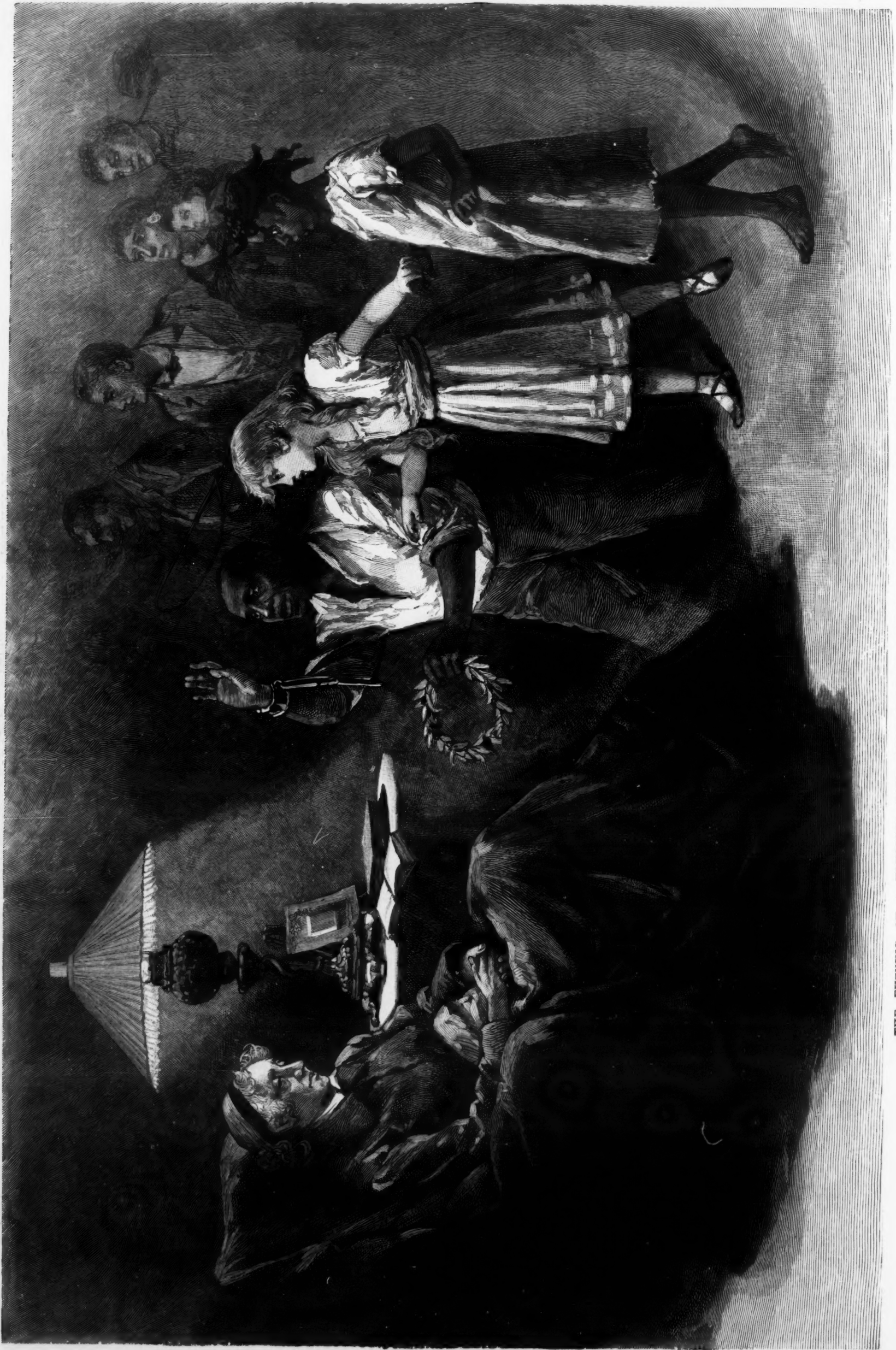
MR. ROBERT V. BELL, nominated last week to be Assistant Indian Commissioner, entered the Interior Department eight years ago, and has been there ever since. Before that he was a clerk in the War Department. For the past six or seven years he has been Chief of the Indian Division of the Secretary's office. He is spoken of in the highest possible terms by all the Secretaries under whom he has served.

IT is said that the inventor of the "Pigs in Clover" puzzle has already realized \$30,000 from it. The name of the inventor is Moses Lyman, a farmer living near Waverly, N. Y., who has many children and is an authority on pigs. One day the farmer was in a quandary as to how he should amuse the youngsters. His mind naturally ran in the line of pigs, and, thereupon, he made out of a piece of wood and a little pasteboard the original of the "Pigs in Clover."

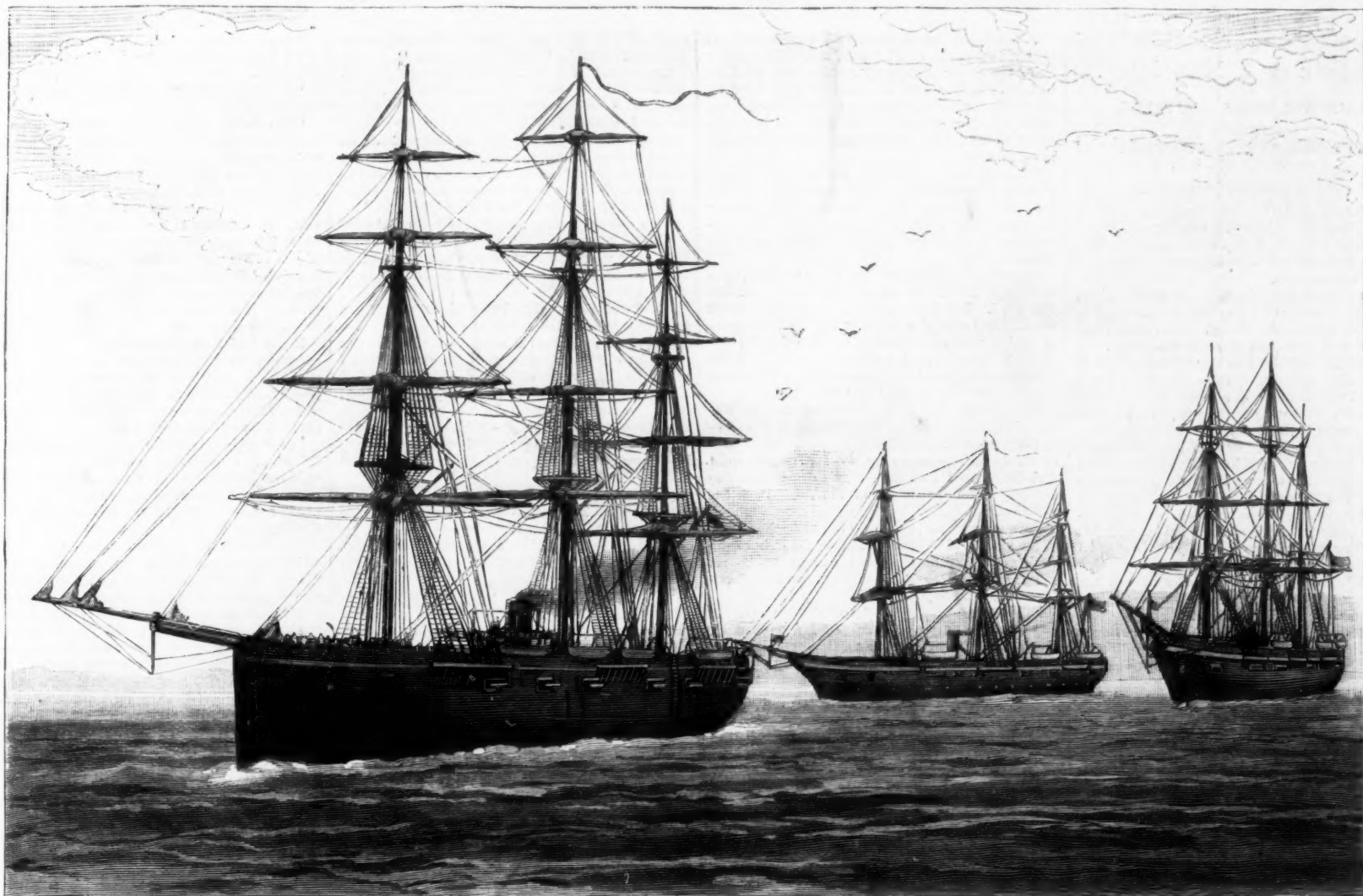
THE Pope is a very fine chess-player, and one priest in Rome has the especial honor of being his adversary over the board. This priest—Father Giella—has played chess with Leo Pecci for thirty-two years. When Cardinal Pecci was raised to the Papacy, Father Giella got an invitation to take up his quarters in the Vatican. Giella is hot-tempered, but the Pope takes his temper good-naturedly, and is said to often improve the occasion by a homily on the virtues of resignation and meekness.

THE death of John Bright, which occurred last week, has occasioned profound regret throughout Great Britain. In the House of Lords the Marquis of Salisbury, speaking of Mr. Bright, said: "He had special qualities for which he will be admired and noted in history. He was the greatest master of English oratory in the present generation, the eloquence of his style giving fitting expression to his burning, noble thoughts. He possessed a singular rectitude of character. He was inspired by pure patriotism from the beginning of his career to its close."

PRESIDENT HARRISON is becoming a famous tramp. Not one pleasant day has passed since his arrival at Washington in which he has not given at least two hours to exercise, and he will permit nothing to interfere with this method of taking rest and recreation. He is generally accompanied by his private secretary or one of the members of his Cabinet, and he talks business as he walks, but he gets the air and exercise all the same. To some one who was speaking to him on this subject the other day, the President said: "I must have exercise and I must have air. I would just as soon think of going without my dinner, or of sitting up all night without sleep, as I would of losing my daily exercise."



THE EVENING OF A FRUITFUL LIFE.—MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AND HER DREAM-CHILDREN.
SEE PAGE 139.



The "Trenton." The "Vandalla." The "Nipsic."
 GREAT NAVAL DISASTER IN SAMOAN WATERS.—THE THREE AMERICAN WAR-SHIPS WRECKED IN THE STORM OF MARCH 16TH.
 SEE PAGE 139.



GOOD NEWS—A MESSENGER NOTIFYING BOOMER CAMPS ALONG THE ARKANSAS RIVER OF THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION OPENING OKLAHOMA TERRITORY.
 FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES GERRY.—SEE PAGE 139.

For Dayber's Echo:

THE
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.BY
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED).

WILLIAM FLINTACRE spent his time in doing two things—in keeping out of Arnold Anson's way, and in studying how he could find and use knowledge which would be valuable against him.

He saw Anson's advertisements, of course, which were given in many of the newspapers, and knew exactly what they meant, though Anson made them with skill and expressed himself guardedly. If Anson should find him anywhere, he believed it would be the beginning of the end—and an end that would occupy but a small time in fully completing itself. Just what Anson would do, whether he would resort to legal measures for his revenge or take the shorter route of a private vengeance, Flintacre had no means of knowing. I don't think he let that question worry him much. It was sufficient for him to know that his only hope lay in successfully evading Anson's search. It made little difference whether Anson killed him with his own hand or gave him over into the power of an outraged law, "to be hanged by the neck until he was dead." Perhaps, had he been offered his choice, he would have chosen the former method of exit from the world as in some respects the most to be preferred. William Flintacre was not a gentleman who courted publicity.

For a time, Flintacre had enough to busy him in planning to keep out of the way of Anson. Later, the very advertisements on which Anson relied for possible aid were of the greatest value to the fugitive. Careful watching kept him pretty well posted as to the movements of his pursuer, and he never began nor ended the day—when within the reach of metropolitan civilization—without reading the advertising columns of one or two great daily newspapers. The advertisements meant much to Flintacre. To all others, they were vague and indefinite. Anson desired, not legal assistance, but information. He wished to avoid paying any reward—for he had little with which to pay for aid in his pursuit of William Flintacre. As this is a world in which few men do anything for purely philanthropic motives—not even the hunting down of criminals—it is hardly necessary to say that any efforts made by others than Anson himself were weak and spasmodic in most cases. And Flintacre's first and greatest care—almost his only care—was to keep well out of the reach of Anson.

Of course, Flintacre was not foolish enough to expose himself to the danger of arrest which would have followed—or which he supposed would have followed—a call upon Smart & Swift. He would have liked a half-hour's conversation with one of the two astute gentlemen who made up that firm, if he could only have been assured that at the end of that time he might go out, and lose himself in the crowd, as freely as he had gone in. But he could not believe that such would be the case, so he not only did not attempt to call upon Smart & Swift, but he did not go near New York at all.

Several times he was on the point of writing again to the great firm of detectives, but he dreaded the use which might be made against him of so simple a thing as a postmark. It is easy, you know, to follow a clue, when a starting-point for the search has once been determined.

He would have been glad to write to Maude Dayber. But, in addition to the objection he had had in the other case, was the fact that he supposed his letter to her would be given to Dr. Anson—to read, and sneer at, and laugh over. And, dreading to attempt to write, when he felt that he might let impulse and desire sweep prudently away, he shrank still more from the thought that in the coldest and most guarded letter he could write he might still expose the hopeless passion of his heart, not to Maude Dayber—but to Arnold Anson. And besides, he respected and revered Maude's purity and womanliness: could he ask her to pollute her hands by touching with their dainty whiteness the lines that had been traced by a hand red with the blood of a fellow-being—even though the deed which made him an outcast and a fugitive had been done in sudden anger and without premeditation.

He waited long and anxiously for some item to tell him that his letter to Smart & Swift had had a fruitage. Could it be that they had never received the letter? Was it possible they had never acted upon the information it contained? He sometimes feared it. For the days went by, growing into weeks, and still no paper contained any account of the examination into the mental condition of Nathan Dayber; no welcome item spoke of the utter discomfiture of Arnold Anson, of the enlightenment of Maude Dayber, nor of the setting of a wronged mother at liberty.

Sometimes Flintacre was almost ready to go to New York, go straight to Smart & Swift, tell them his whole story, and take his deserts like a man. For, after all, as he said to himself, what was he living for now, except to do good to Maude Dayber? And how, to his mind, could any one in all the world do her a greater good than by seeing to it that all Anson's hollow pretensions were exposed, and he fully and finally disgraced? At times, too, he thought of going to Maude herself, to the end that he might tell her the whole truth. But—he did not go. Not to Smart & Swift; not to Maude Dayber. Why? Because he was selfish? Possibly. And yet it is hard to call his reason by so harsh a name. Simply because he desired to live long enough to be sure Maude reaped the

benefit of anything he had done for her—or any thing he might yet do.

So he began, when time and experience had made it easier to avoid Anson, and while waiting and hoping for tidings of results from what he had already done, to ponder and plan how he might do something further to help Maude, or, what perhaps amounted to the same thing, something to injure the gentleman Maude had promised to marry.

I hardly know what impulse started William Flintacre toward Valley Park Academy. It may have been nothing more than curiosity; it may have been hope; it may have been a genuine premonition of what that journey would mean to his deadliest foe.

He arrived at the town below the Academy one lovely afternoon. His journey had been long. He was tired. But he could not be content to rest until he had seen the property on the ownership of which the succession to Dayber's Echo depended. So he hired a man to row him up the river, in order that he might have, from the water, his first fair hint of the beauty or ugliness of the property which was now the key—now since Nathan Dayber was surely and undeniably insane—to the property Arnold Anson coveted. They rowed far up the stream, going not far from the old and dilapidated buildings which constituted the academy accommodations of the Valley Park institution.

Then they crossed obliquely to the farther bank of the river, and Flintacre stood in the light of the setting sun, on the low and marshy bank, and looked across at the scene that lay spread out before him. On the ownership—

Then, suddenly, something caught his eye. It was a white, pulpy, misshapen mass, washed by the water at most every movement, and wedged tightly between a stone which projected from the bank and a stunted tree which grew at the water's edge.

He stooped down and picked it up, gave a minute or so to a hurried examination of it, and then sprang into the boat.

"To the city as soon as possible!" he cried to the astonished boatman. And the latter gave him good speed, especially when a goodly sum was promised him as a reward.

Who knows what he does? Who can possibly picture the consequences of any action his life may hold? Without knowing what it had cost—or what it would—William Flintacre presented at the proper office, accompanied with the necessary fees, for the legalizing effect of official record, a document which, stained and faded, worn and torn, though it was, was still legibly and undoubtedly a perfectly legal conveyance of Valley Park Academy to Grumble & Sweet in trust for Mrs. Pillah.

What had this man done? We have said.

But the farther consequences? The ultimate results?

Who can say?

At least this—to go no farther: He has made it utterly impossible for Arnold Anson to own Dayber's Echo, until the mother who gave him life is dead!

The deed recorded, and the original deposited in a snug and secure place in a local bank, the man felt that he could not rest until he had seen Valley Park Academy again, and from a nearer point of view. He felt a strange exultation stirring within him, a sort of majesty and power, that seemed both new and strange. He could not remember that he had ever before felt thus, not since—since—

But he could not—would not—continue. He changed the subject, even in his own mind.

He felt in some degree a sense of ownership in Valley Park Academy, and in Dayber's Echo. Indeed, had they not both been at his disposal only a little while ago?

And what had he done? What would result from it? He did not know; he did not dare to guess. He shook his head gravely, doubting whether wisdom and expediency would have indorsed his action in taking Prince Prettyman's deed to the official intrusted with the duty of putting such documents on record. He contented himself, however, with the repeated assertion that what he had done was right—abstractly right. Which was a comfortable sort of conclusion, of course, and as correct as the uniformly abstract justice of perfectly sound and legal documents can make it—and no more!

He got the same man to row him up the stream again, under the light of the moon, as had helped him in the hours of the declining day, when he found that precious bit of paper which meant so much—and to so many.

They rowed up along the eastern bank, partly because Flintacre had a fancy to float slowly down beside the western shore, passing close to the buildings of the institution he had had the pleasure of seeing made securely the property of Mrs. Pillah—and partly because the current was much swifter and harder to deal with on the western side of the river, here and now, than on the eastern.

They rowed up until the lights of Valley Park Academy were opposite them. Then the boatman shoved his boat up to the shore, and held it there while he and his employer talked a little. Flintacre could see that there were two rooms lighted up, and only two. He mentioned the fact to the boatman.

"It's not a great while since you'd have seen only one light," said that individual, "for the old professor has been living there all alone, doing the most of his own work, his washing being done down at the city, of course, and most of his food sent ready cooked from there. He has one student now, though, and every one who has seen him wonders what it all means. He is an old man, almost or quite as old as the professor is himself, and with the most grim and melancholy face you ever saw. The sorrows that man has endured, in my opinion, would have made an ordinary man insane. He calls himself a student, but no one

thinks he studies much. He can, of course, if he wishes, for the professor is a man of great learning, and will meet enthusiasm with an equal enthusiasm. But he is a mild and easy-going man. The new student needn't study unless he pleases. He seems to be waiting for something. Day or night, so those say who ought to know, he allows no one to come near Valley Park Academy without coming out to see him. And he always finds an excuse for accosting passers-by—if he needs one. He's such a blunt old fellow, though commonly so reserved and silent, that I doubt whether he would care to make any excuse for asking questions."

"He asks questions then?"

"Yes, a great many. But he always begins with two. You would never guess the sort of questions those two are, they are so strange and odd."

"I presume not."

"And he'll come out and ask them of you, if you go within hailing distance of the shore."

"I presume so," said Flintacre, wearily. He was thinking of the questions the officers of the law might ask him when they found him, or of what Anson might have to say and do, if he should chance to meet him first. He felt he should have no defense to offer the one—no resistance to give the other. They must do with him as they would, if they found him. His only hope was concealment and flight.

"Perhaps it would be as well for you to know what his questions are, so that you can have some answer all ready for him."

"I presume so," said he again, his words almost as monotonous as his voice, and as lifeless as his manner; "what are they?"

"Are you a Dayber?" "Are you interested in Dayber's Echo?"

Flintacre gave so sudden and violent a start, that he almost shook the boat loose from the bank where the boatman was holding it.

"I say, friend," ejaculated that individual, looking narrowly and rather suspiciously at Flintacre, "you are not a Dayber, are you?"

Flintacre laughed, though rather uneasily.

"No," he said, "I'm not a Dayber. I happen to have known some of the Daybers, though, and—I guess you may row the boat up a little farther, please."

The boatman said nothing, but busied himself in pushing the boat out into the stream, and then bent himself to the task of rowing against the current, which was strong enough on that side of the river, though not to be compared with what it was toward the west.

They rowed along up slowly—from necessity. The night was almost as bright as day. They kept near the bank, and Flintacre could watch the shore there, if he pleased, though he gave most of his attention, so far as his physical senses were concerned, to the two lights shining so brightly at Valley Park Academy. With his mental eyes he was trying to see into the future—the immediate future—the future that would come as swiftly as this current ran, as soon as they once turned their boat down-stream, somewhere above; he was trying to imagine the sort of man he would find at the shore, when they swept past, or landed, waiting to question him in regard to the Daybers and their affairs; he was wondering what sort of an answer it would be best to give him.

As for the boatman, he rowed less swiftly than usual. Flintacre smiled to himself, as he noticed it, and remarked mentally that the fellow was spending a goodly portion of his energy in looking in open-mouthed amazement at a man who would have to answer the questions of the student at Valley Park Academy in some other way than by simply saying "No."

A little later, however, he changed his mind to some extent. He saw how the rippling water was spreading. The river was rising. The current was strengthening. There was no doubt of that.

They passed the place where he had found Prince Prettyman's deed. The stone was under water. The roots of the shrub—or stunted tree—had been turned partially out of the soil by the water, and some of them washed nearly bare by the swift stream. A tiny current ran energetically where the paper had lain only a few hours ago. No one can tell what vicissitudes this document had passed through; had it lain there, in the crevice between the root and the rock, ever since Peter Pillah lost it? Undoubtedly it had not. Tossed hither and thither by the shifting winds, driven across miles of marsh and morass—most likely it had fallen under the attention of the man to whom the doing of what he had done would most appropriately and fittingly come. And now, the man shrank back, almost appalled at the sudden rush of thoughts which came to him, when he saw that if he had not found the paper when he did, he would never have found it.

Chance? A word of chance? Oh, fool—fool! Can you believe—dare you believe—that chance guides a single breath of vagrant, wandering air across the most desolate waste? Can you believe that a drop of rain falls by chance, or that chance turns the tiniest current of water that way or this? Can you? Do you?

Prove it so, if you can, and I am done. Prove it, and I will sit down and wait for chance to have its inevitable way with all things—wait for it to undo the dearest hopes of all the ages, and wreck and ruin the universe.

They rowed far up the stream—up so far that the twinkling lights of Valley Park Academy were hidden from them. Then they turned toward the south, gave the boat to the current, and dashed away toward the school which boasted only a single scholar—the school whose only student found wisdom so narrow and learning so valueless that he had only two questions which he wished answered.

Away they went—fast—faster—toward freedom for Flintacre, toward all that he might dread beyond freedom. Fast—fast—as fast as the important and strange always comes in this life, at least at the last!

Valley Park Academy came in sight. And the distance between them and it rapidly narrowed.

"Shall we land?" queried the boatman.

"I don't know; I haven't decided," replied Flintacre.

"You'll have to decide very soon, or we shall be so far—"

"Land!" cried Flintacre, sinking down pale and almost senseless in the boat. He could say nothing more. It was undoubtedly fortunate for him that the execution of his command was all the boatman could well attend to.

"Land!" That was what William Flintacre said. In thinking of him, and of just how I shall write this pathetic story of some of the days and nights of his unfortunate life, I like to remember that he gave that command when he might just as well have commanded the boatman to let the boat go on. It took moral courage, and much of it. Don't you think so?

If you had been so unfortunate as to have killed a man—in sudden passion and under circumstances of great provocation—which of the two possible commands do you think you would have given, if you saw the man you had killed waiting on the shore to speak with you?

The boatman turned the boat in carefully and skillfully. Considering the strength of the current, he made a most excellent landing. But Flintacre was ashore almost before the boat was safely beached. Would you have done as he did? Could you?

The man waiting to meet him was certainly quite unlike the regular and orthodox thing in ghosts. He was old and grizzled and gray; he was dressed in a costume of such varied constituents that one could not have said where it was likely he had lived and gradually gathered it together; his face was very grim and stern—but keen and shrewd withal; he was smoking a pipe—which was, if I am acquainted with the proprieties of the subject, a very unghostlike thing to do.

The old man removed his pipe from his mouth as Flintacre approached, and looked him over, leisurely, from head to foot. Perhaps he took longer than usual for his critical survey; he undoubtedly had good reason for doing so; he had never yet, since he became a student at Valley Park Academy, seen a man so pale, and agitated, and evidently unnerved at meeting him, as this man was.

He took plenty of time to ask his question, but he asked it at last.

"Are you a Dayber?"

"Is—is it possible," cried Flintacre, "that you don't know who I am?"

The old man looked him over again, stopping only long enough to somewhat imperiously motion the boatman to move out of hearing of their conversation. He took a long, long time for his eager scrutiny. But he shook his head when he was done.

"No, sir," he said; "I do not know you."

"Don't you remember where you met me?"

"I don't remember ever having met you anywhere."

"In—Texas—"

A sudden wave of recollection ran over the old man's face. He reached out his hand cordially, and Flintacre found his own taken and warmly clasped—in spite of himself.

"I'm glad to see you," he said, heartily. "Such a little, young, insignificant sort of a fellow as you are—or at least were three years ago, and still the only man who ever got the start of me—except—except—the Daybers!"

"I—I supposed I had killed you."

"Did you? Now, that seems funny. I haven't been on the frontier, among the rudest and roughest of men, all my life, to die as easily as that."

"But—but—you were—were picked up for dead?"

"Yes, I suppose I was. I haven't any recollection of it."

"And reported as dead to the authorities?"

"Certainly. Why not? Do you suppose my chums wanted to see me arrested and fined for having taken part in a vulgar dispute and brawl? It wasn't the thing I was used to at all; I was generally the quietest and most peaceable man among them. They let it go that I was dead—and that they'd see me decently put under ground; it was the simplest way."

"Did you never think of what the results might be to me?"

"To you? I don't quite see what you mean. Who was to know that you were concerned in it at all?—unless some infernal sneak told what he'd better have kept to himself."

"It was strongly suspected that I murdered you. I only escaped by the careful aid of others. If I had been arrested, I suppose I should have been hanged for it—and—"

The old man put out his hand again. This time Flintacre took it of his own accord.

"Young fellow," said the old man, pleadingly, "can you say you bear no malice—"

"I? I bear malice? I think it is for me to ask that question. I certainly supposed that I'd killed you, and—"

"You hadn't. I'm made of tougher stuff than that. And if you had, all things being taken into account, it would have served me right—I suppose. I was the aggressor in every respect; I insulted you, followed you, tormented and tortured you; I began the fight itself, as you well know; if you had killed me, it would have been done in self-defense."

"But—the—witnesses—"

"If I had died, the witnesses would have testified as I have said—or sworn to what they knew was false. Besides, it could have been easily proven that I was alive and—"

"Do you mean that it was known, generally known—known to others than your own immediate friends—those who took you away—that you were alive? that you were not going to die?"

The old man smiled at the young man's eagerness.

"Perhaps not at the time when you were in the greatest danger—the time when you thought it wisest to get out of the way for a time," he said; "but plenty of men knew it within less than a month. Do you suppose that you could have kept out of the clutches of the law for all this time if there had been a serious and well-organized endeavor to apprehend you?"

"I don't know. Perhaps not. Did the Texas authorities know you were living?"

"No-o-o-o! I suppose not. But then, on the other hand, they didn't know I was dead."

"How many knew of your recovery?"

The old man seemed plunged in thought for a time. Finally he looked up.

"You mean of those who might have believed me dead?"

"Certainly."

"I don't know. I had never thought of the matter in just that light before. Of course I have never been back to the scene of our unfortunate, undignified and almost fatal quarrel. Equally, of course, only a few of those with whom I was acquainted there have met me since. I should say, however, at a venture, that, within a month from our encounter, three or four—or, perhaps, only two or three—knew of the escape."

"Can you tell me the names of any who knew?"

"Well, now, that's a hard thing to do—a very hard thing. I am certain of so few; I believe in their knowledge in such a vague and unsatisfactory way; and I'm not a very good person at remembering names, anyway. I—I—"

"Can you tell me the name of one person who could have proven me innocent? Will you give me the name of one person who knew?"

"Yes; I can and I will. *Arnold Anson knew!*"

"Are you sure?"

"I am. *Arnold Anson knew!*"

"Thank you," said Flintacre. "Good-night."

He motioned to his boatman. He walked down and got into the boat. The old man followed silently down to the shore, and stood in silence while the boat was pushed off.

Then, as the current took the boat into its giant grip and hurried it away toward the town below, the old man bethought himself of his still unasked and unanswered question.

"Are you interested in Dayber's Echo?" he cried. But only the roar of the rising waters replied to his cry. William Flintacre never answered him.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW POST-OFFICE AND U. S. COURT-HOUSE, DETROIT, MICH.

THE new Post-office and United States Court-house for Detroit, Mich., as now designed, will be one of the finest and most imposing in the country, and will reflect great credit on Colonel William E. Freret, Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. It will consist of five different floors in all, as follows: Basement, first, second, third and fourth or attic floors. The basement floor will contain on one side of the building three bonded warehouses with four offices immediately adjoining, for the clerical force connected with them and the storage of documents, etc.; while on the other side of the building, and separated from the bonded warehouses by a large double drive-way, will be located the coal-room, boiler-room, machinery-room, repair-shop, etc.

The first floor will be taken up with the several divisions of the Post-office Department. There will be five entrances to the Post-office corridor, and a length of nearly 200 feet of Post-office screen taken up with letter-boxes, letter-drawers, stamp-windows, inquiry-windows, ladies' and gents' delivery-windows, mail-drops for letters, papers, parcels, etc., for the different sections of the country, north, south, east and west, as well as for abroad.

There will be staircases and elevators at two corners of the building. The entire rear portion of the first floor will be occupied by the working department of the Post-office, and will be amply lighted by large outside windows and a sky-light of 110 feet in length and 26 feet in width. In this space every facility will be provided for the rapid dispatch of public business, and for the receipt and transmission of mail.

All the rooms on the second and upper floors will be located around a central corridor, with a richly arched and enriched, and approached by the staircases and elevators. The second floor will be occupied by the Internal Revenue, Customs and Pension offices, with ample office accommodation for the several chiefs and their immediate aids. The third or court-room floor will be taken up by the Circuit and District Court rooms, with accommodation for the Judges, District Attorney, United States Commissioner, Marshal, Clerk, Stenographer, Record and Jury rooms, etc. The fourth floor will be used for offices, files and record-rooms, etc.

The building is designed in English Gothic of the earliest type, just at the transition from the Norman and immediately prior to the advent of the pointed arch, the semicircular arch and straight lintel being still in use, while the massive pinnacles and flying buttresses held their sway. The Fort Street or main entrance front will be emphasized by a tower of imposing dimensions, with side wings and end pavilions, the skylight being broken by dormer and flying buttress.

The Lafayette Avenue front will be striking by its large court-room pavilion, its recessed central and projecting ends and staircase, pavilions and arched first story; the Shelby and Wayne Street fronts will be marked by important central and side features, and large arched entrances over the two through drive-ways, and approached by a massive double flight of steps in each case.

On account of the recently increased appropriation of \$1,100,000 to \$1,500,000, the building has been widened 24 feet and to its entire length, thus giving nearly 5,000 feet additional floor-space, an important addition to the Post-office working space and to the public corridors, which will be 21 feet wide on the first floor, as well as to the offices on the Lafayette Avenue front, which will be considerably increased in size.

THE ASTOR MEMORIAL SCHOOL.

THE name of the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor was so closely associated with philanthropic work among the poor, that the new building for

the Children's Aid Society's Industrial School, in Mott Street, opposite the old Cathedral, erected by her husband, is the most beautiful and appropriate memorial of the dead lady that could be supplied. The building was erected, at a cost of \$42,000, on lots which cost \$21,000. The structure is four stories in height, and is built of pressed Philadelphia brick, laid in red mortar, with terra cotta ornamental panels and molded courses. On the Mott Street front an octagonal bay-window extends along the second and third floors. The door-way is an elliptical arch, and the roof is steep, with Staffordshire tiles in front and slate in the rear. A bronze plate in the hall-way has the following inscription:

THIS BUILDING
HAS BEEN ERECTED
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF
MRS. CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA ASTOR,
BY HER HUSBAND,
JOHN JACOB ASTOR.
NEW YORK, 1888.

The house has a frontage in Mott Street of 33 feet and a depth of 76 feet. In the front part of the basement floor the kitchen and teachers' dining-room are placed, and the rear is devoted to a pupils' dining-room, with bath-rooms and heating apparatus. Upon the south side of the lot is a small playground for the children. The first floor, which is reached by the main entrance, contains in front a kindergarten and crèche, and in the rear a primary-school room. Two school-rooms are on the second floor, and two also on the third, with a teachers' room as well. Large folding-doors between the school-rooms admit of their being thrown into one when necessary. In the front part of the fourth floor is a primary-school room, and in the rear an industrial room, with teacher's bedroom and janitor's apartment. The building is heated by hot air, and in addition, fire-places are on each floor.

The work of the school is principally among young Italians, who appear to be very anxious to get an education. But while the mind is thus cultivated, the soul is looked after and the body is fed. Our illustrations show a class-room with eager pupils receiving the first rudiments of an education, and a scene at the dinner-table, at which always a prayer is reverently said before the feasting begins. The exterior of the building is also shown, and the tablet in the hall-way. During December, January, February and March the dinners have been provided by Mrs. D. Willis James.

In addition to this school, the Children's Aid Society operates industrial schools in Avenue C, in Crosby Street and in Monroe Street.

THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN

THE kitchen of the Presidential mansion in Washington is a place deserving of more attention than is bestowed upon kitchens in general. It was here that the famous dinners which in President Arthur's time were so notable a feature of Washington life were prepared, and here that the banquet-tables of other Presidents have been supplied with toothsome delicacies and substantial. The kitchen, which is presided over by a French cook, is a large square room, well ventilated, with a range along the east wall, and a large dressing-table in the centre. The floor is covered with oil-cloth, and a high arched ceiling surmounts the room. Opposite the kitchen and across the long corridor is the office of the steward, Hugo Ziemann. He it is who has the entire direction of the provisioning of the Presidential mansion, and the French chef displays the niceties of his art in serving up in the best style the fare provided by the steward. General Jackson's old kitchen is at the farther end of the corridor, opposite the billiard-room. It is now used for hoisting-machinery and storage.

The cooks, when on duty, are dressed all in white, with cooks' caps on their heads. They are all male, for a Frenchman cannot admit that a woman can make a good cook.

It is perhaps a matter of doubt whether, if the personal inclinations of the Presidential household were alone involved, the daily White House menu would not be much more simple than it usually is. A gentleman who recently dined with the President says on this point: "It was a plain-course dinner. The President was at the head of the table. I was the only one present not a member of the Executive family. We talked about home matters, and never touched on politics. He said he hadn't had a tender steak since he had been here. The Harrisons are plain, home people. Mrs. Harrison is a good housekeeper and she does not like the restraint at the White House. I would not be surprised to find her some of these mornings down at the Central Market doing her own buying. She is used to that sort of thing. The President is used to plain cooking, and I don't think he can live on the gingerbread style of cuisine which that Chicago cook turns out. None of the Harrison family is used to it, and if they don't have a change of diet they will all have the dyspepsia in less than six months."

THE YACHTING SEASON OF 1889.

IT is not yet settled that there will be a new trial for the America's Cup this year, though it is said that the Royal Yacht Club has sent a challenge; but American yachtsmen will be ready in any case, and the already large fleet of pleasure-yachts will be considerably increased when the vessels now in construction are launched. At Piegras's Yards, on City Island, the great Morgan schooner *Constellation* is about three plates up, and is looking enormously large. She will be remarkably staunch and roomy—in fact, an ideal vessel of her kind. In the same yards the big A. Cary Smith yawl is almost finished, and will be ready for launching within a few days. Immediately alongside of her is the forty-footer *Tomahawk*, only in the frame, but nevertheless showing that she will be an extreme example of the modern deep-draught sloop. Though her neighbor, the yawl, is almost twice her length, the *Tomahawk* looks quite as high, though, of course, there is a difference.

At Hawkins's Yard, City Island, the new steam-yacht *Adelaide* is expected to be launched this week. At South Brooklyn several yachts are approaching completion. At Lawley's Yard, in Boston, a new big Forbes schooner is under way, and will be launched in April. Several other forty and forty-five footers are being pushed rapidly, and as soon as they are out of the way others will take their places on the stocks. Mr. Owen, of Providence, one of the former owners of the *Sachem*, has ordered a forty-five footer.

At Freshy's Yard, Salem, Mass., a new yacht, to be called the *Helen*, designed by A. G. McVey, of the Boston Herald, is well along. She, too, is a forty-footer. Poillon is to build a new forty-foot racer,

designed by A. Cary Smith, for Royal Phelps Carroll.

The sloop *Atlantic* will sail during this Summer a schooner rig. She is now at her dock in South Brooklyn. There is every indication of a brilliant yachting season, even if there should be no international contests.

NOMINATIONS BY THE PRESIDENT.

AMONG the nominations made by President Harrison last week were the following: Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming Territory, to be Governor of Wyoming Territory; Benjamin F. White, of Montana, to be Governor of Montana Territory; Robert V. Belt, of Maryland, to be Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Oscar M. Spellman, of Arkansas, to be Marshal of the United States for the Eastern District of Arkansas; Charles C. Waters, of Arkansas, to be Attorney of the United States for the Eastern District of Arkansas; Robert T. Lincoln, Illinois, Minister to Great Britain; Murat Halstead, Ohio, Minister to Germany; Allen Thorndike Rice, New York, Minister to Russia; Patrick Egan, Nebraska, Minister to Chili; Thomas Ryan, Kansas, Minister to Mexico; John Hicks, Wisconsin, Minister to Peru; George B. Loring, Massachusetts, Minister-resident and Consul-general to Portugal; Marion Erwin, to be United States Attorney for the Southern District of Georgia; Tyre Glenn, to be United States Marshal for the Western District of North Carolina; Robert Adams, Jr., Pennsylvania, Minister to Brazil; Lanzing B. Mezner, California, Minister to the Central American States; William U. Scruggs, Georgia, Minister to Venezuela; William O. Bradley, Kentucky, Minister to Corea; George Chandler, Kansas, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior; George H. Shoup, Idaho, Governor of Idaho.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE sounds of the heart have been recorded and reproduced by the phonograph.

A PUTTY of starch and chloride of zinc hardens quickly, and lasts as a stopper of holes in metals for months.

A good imitation of frosted glass may be produced by applying to the glass a saturated solution of alum in water. It may be colored by the addition of aniline dyes. The coloring is not very permanent, however.

The simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot, and then pour vinegar upon it, drop by drop. The steam arising from this is a disinfectant. Doors or windows should be opened that it may escape.

Iron pipes lined with glass are reported to have withstood satisfactorily the severe test of having boiling water passed through them, followed immediately by water at a temperature of 33 degrees Fahr. Subsequently, examination showed no cracking or damage to the glass.

TO MAKE a cherry stain, mix together by stirring one quart of spirits of turpentine, one pint of japan, one pound of Venetian red ground in oil, and two ounces of dry-burned umber. Apply with a brush and wipe off with a cloth. Finish with one coat of shellac and two coats of varnish.

ELECTRICITY is being more and more used for the purification of kaolin and other porcelain clays. The clay is sifted on a rapidly revolving horizontal plate, which is surrounded with powerful electro-magnets, which retain the particles of iron. From this the clay passes to a second plate, which removes the last traces. The process is said to be comparatively cheap and very rapid, and since its introduction many clays, hitherto rejected as containing too much iron, have become of value for the manufacture of pottery.

L. G. WILSON, a resident of Jerard County, Dakota, has made a discovery which, if successful, will be of vast importance to the farmers. He has found that the wild-silk cocoons are strong and substantial, and that they can be carded. These cocoons are so numerous that they have to be taken off the trees and destroyed, and while Mr. Wilson was at this work last Spring he stopped to examine one, and found it to be made of strong material. He at once wrote to several silk-workers and sent samples to one in France, who immediately sent an order for fifty pounds. From this amount the silk-worker will test the value of the cocoons and report.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 23D.—In Newtonville, Mass., General William S. Filton, aged 61 years; in Plainfield, N. J., ex-Judge Enos W. Runyon, aged 64 years; in Manchester, N. H., John W. Moore, formerly a well-known musical publisher and author, aged 82 years. MARCH 24TH.—In Boston, Mass., Police Captain George F. Gould, Harbor Master of that port, aged 59 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., John Scott, President of the Allegheny Valley Railroad Company, aged 69 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., Colonel Samuel McKelvey, the pioneer iron manufacturer, aged 76 years; in New Rochelle, N. Y., John C. Steadman, editor of the *Pioneer*, aged 40 years; in Bayside, L. I., Robert Willets, the Quaker millionaire. MARCH 25TH.—In Kingston, N. Y., Dr. Josiah Hasbrouck, aged 59 years; in New York, Edwin Thorne, leather merchant, aged 63 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Peter R. Kissam, of the Stock Exchange, aged 54 years; in New York, Cornelius Mathews, the well-known *literateur*, dramatist and editor, aged 75 years; in New York, Charles F. Livermore, banker, aged 64 years. MARCH 26TH.—At Rhea Springs, Tenn., ex-Congressman John R. Neal, aged 50 years; in Brunswick, Germany, C. F. Theodore Steinway, of the New York piano house, aged 63 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Louis I. Samson, the well-known pilot, aged 69 years; in New York, Professor F. Stengel, German instructor in the Columbia College School of Mines, aged 61 years; in New York, Mother Monica O'Dougherty, one of the original Sisters of Mercy who came to this city from Dublin thirty years ago, aged 79 years. MARCH 27TH.—In Washington, D. C., ex-Representative Peter Paul Mahoney, of New York, aged 41 years; in Cincinnati, O., ex-Judge Jacob Burnet, aged 72 years. MARCH 28TH.—In Albany, N. Y., Dr. John Swinburne, aged 68 years; in Montreal, Canada, Dr. R. P. Howard, Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill University; in New Brunswick, N. J., Rev. George T. McNair, of the George's Road Baptist Church, aged 60 years; in Orange, N. J., Claudius B. Lassell, an old New York merchant, aged 67 years; in Preble, N. Y., Richard Hiseock, father of United States Senator Hiseock, aged 91 years. MARCH 29TH.—In Marietta, O., Professor O. H. Mitchell, Ph.D.; in Far Rockaway, N. Y., Judge Vandewater; in Port Jefferson, N. Y., James N. Bayles, a leading ship-builder.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE New York Legislature will adjourn *sine die* on May 16th.

THE estimate of the total ice-harvest of Maine is 1,171,000 tons.

ADVISED from Samoa under date of February 25th report everything quiet.

DURING February 13,317 immigrants arrived at the several United States ports.

THE American base-ball teams sailed for New York from Queenstown on the 28th ult.

A PORTUGUESE anti-slavery society has been formed, with King Luis as honorary president.

RUSSIAN detectives have been sent to Switzerland to negotiate for the extradition of Nihilists.

FORTY THOUSAND cases of tea stored in a Chicago warehouse were destroyed by fire on the 26th ult.

THE labor movement is spreading throughout Germany. Many strikes are reported in the provinces.

THE net earnings of the Bell Telephone Company last year were \$2,414,205—equal to 24.45 per cent. on the stock.

THE weavers' strike at Fall River, Mass., is at an end, the strikers having returned to work last week on their own motion.

FIVE of the performing seals belonging to Barnum's Show were killed recently by a Polar bear, which, unfortunately, got into their cage.

A PAPAL rescript will be issued giving the new Catholic University at Washington a monopoly of the superior education of the clergy in America.

THE Washington Air Brake Company is establishing at Wilmerding, near Pittsburgh, Penn., a town modeled after far-famed Pullman of Illinois.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad Company has secured control of the Wisconsin Central, and through it an entrance into Chicago, with 767 miles of additional track.

A RUSSIAN joint-stock company is building an immense boat-theatre to float up and down the Volga River. Performances are to be given at every large town.

SERIOUS collisions have occurred between Mexican and American prospectors in the new mining camps in Lower California, and troops have been sent to the scene.

THE new German Penal Bill directed against socialists authorizes the permanent interdiction of papers guilty of offense against the law, and the dissolution of societies and meetings.

SEVERAL thousand workmen have left the Isthmus since the collapse of the Panama Canal, and the business stagnation is so great that the Colon store-keepers and dealers have united in petitioning for a reduction in all kinds of taxes.

THERE are so few marriages in Nebraska that there is great competition among ministers and justices of the peace. A young farmer in Blaine County was expecting his bride-elect to arrive, and the whole judicial and clerical force of the county camped out awaiting her arrival.

A CURIOUS case has arisen in the City of Washington. Albert Green, a murderer, whose death-sentence was commuted by the President to imprisonment for life, says that he prefers to be hanged and declines to accept the commutation. Now the question arises whether the commutation of such a sentence can be effected without the consent of the condemned man.

THE Japanese officials who are making a tour of the navy-yards of this and other countries, to inspect the latest inventions in naval armament, visited the Brooklyn Yard last week. It will be remembered that the nucleus of the Japanese Navy was the iron-clad ram *Stoneville*, that was sold to the Empire by this country, and was taken there in 1868 by Captain George Brown, of the United States Navy.

FOUR carloads of material for exhibits at the Paris Exposition have been shipped from the Agricultural Department at Washington, under the direction of Professor Riley, who has gone to Paris in charge of the exhibits. They consist of grain, citrons and other fruits, cotton and fibres, viticulture, tobacco and peanuts—exhibits representing the work of the experimental stations and agricultural colleges.

THERE was an exciting debate, last week, in the Dominion House of Commons at Ottawa on a resolution expressing want of confidence in the Government because of its approval of the Jesuits' Estates Bill, under which the sum of \$400,000 is to be paid to the Church for property confiscated during the last century. The debate lasted three days, and resulted in a decisive victory for the Government, the resolution being voted down by 175 to 13.

THE Canadian Government is becoming more neighborly. It has been repeatedly announced that no more licenses would be issued to American fishermen, and the old system of annoying them would be recommenced. But the higher Canadian officials have seen a new light, and are ready to issue licenses to all who will pay \$1.50 a ton under the *modus vivendi* of the rejected treaty. This is something of a new departure, as showing a desire to conciliate rather than exasperate.

THE establishment of a United States Court in the Indian Territory is an important step, and will tend to promote business safety and prosperity. Heretofore it has been practically impossible to collect debts in that country when the debtors were not disposed to pay. General James M. Shackelford, who has been appointed United States Judge for the Territory, is one of the foremost lawyers of Indiana, and will, no doubt, prove the right man in the right place.

THE well-known society journal, *Truth*, announces that the growth of its business will compel it to remove on May 1st to larger quarters on Fifth Avenue, where it will be nearer the heart of the fashionable life of the city. *Truth*, under its present management, has fairly earned the prosperity it seems to enjoy, being now a bright, chatty and altogether cleanly journal, in which the gossip of the day as to persons and society events is given, not maliciously and offensively, but crisply and with honest discrimination. Typographically and artistically, too, the paper has been much improved. There is room for a society journal of genuinely honest purpose, in which scandal shall never be mistaken for news, and *Truth* seems determined to meet this social requirement.



COUNT KESSLER.

FROM A PHOTO. BY BENQUE & CO., PARIS.

COUNT KESSLER.

COUNT KESSLER, of Paris, who is at present in this country on one of his annual visits, is one of the most brilliant cosmopolites of the time.

A German by birth, he is a Parisian by taste and adoption, and not less an American in spirit and enterprise. He has important interests, both financial and artistic, in the States, being a ranch-owner in Texas, a prominent member of a leading

commission firm, and the principal owner of the Eden Musée, in New York city. Many of the chief paintings exhibited in the galleries at that popular public resort are the property of Count Kessler, and it was under his auspices that his friend M. Emile Renouf, the eminent French artist, painted his well-known picture of the

Newport and Lenox, his Parisian home is the scene of that elegant hospitality for which the Kesslers have an international reputation. Their home, 30 Cours la Reine, is the magnificent *hôtel* originally built for the late Duchesse de Galliera, and at one time the residence of Count Roger de Noailles. Over this establishment presides the



MICHIGAN.—THE PROPOSED U. S. COURT-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE AT DETROIT. FROM THE DESIGN OF W. E. FRERET, SUPERVISING ARCHITECT OF THE TREASURY.—SEE PAGE 143.

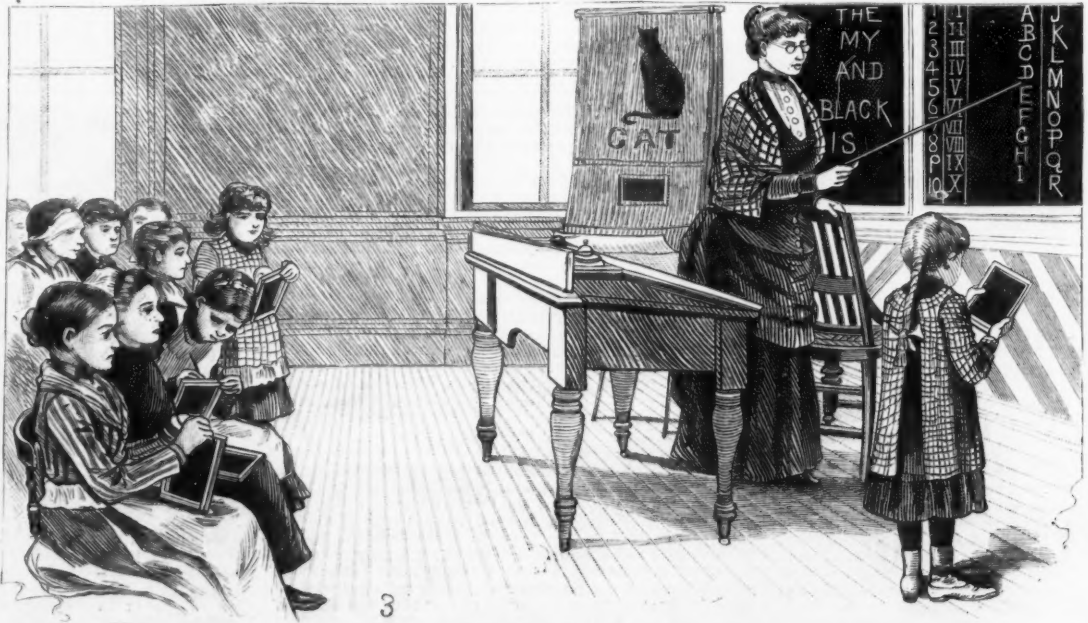
Brooklyn Bridge—which, by the way, is to go to Paris for the Exposition. The Society for the Promotion of Art, of which Count Kessler is the founder and informing spirit, has its headquarters in the Eden Musée galleries.

While the Count is a conspicuous favorite, during his periodical sojourns, in the clubs and fashionable society of New York, Washington,

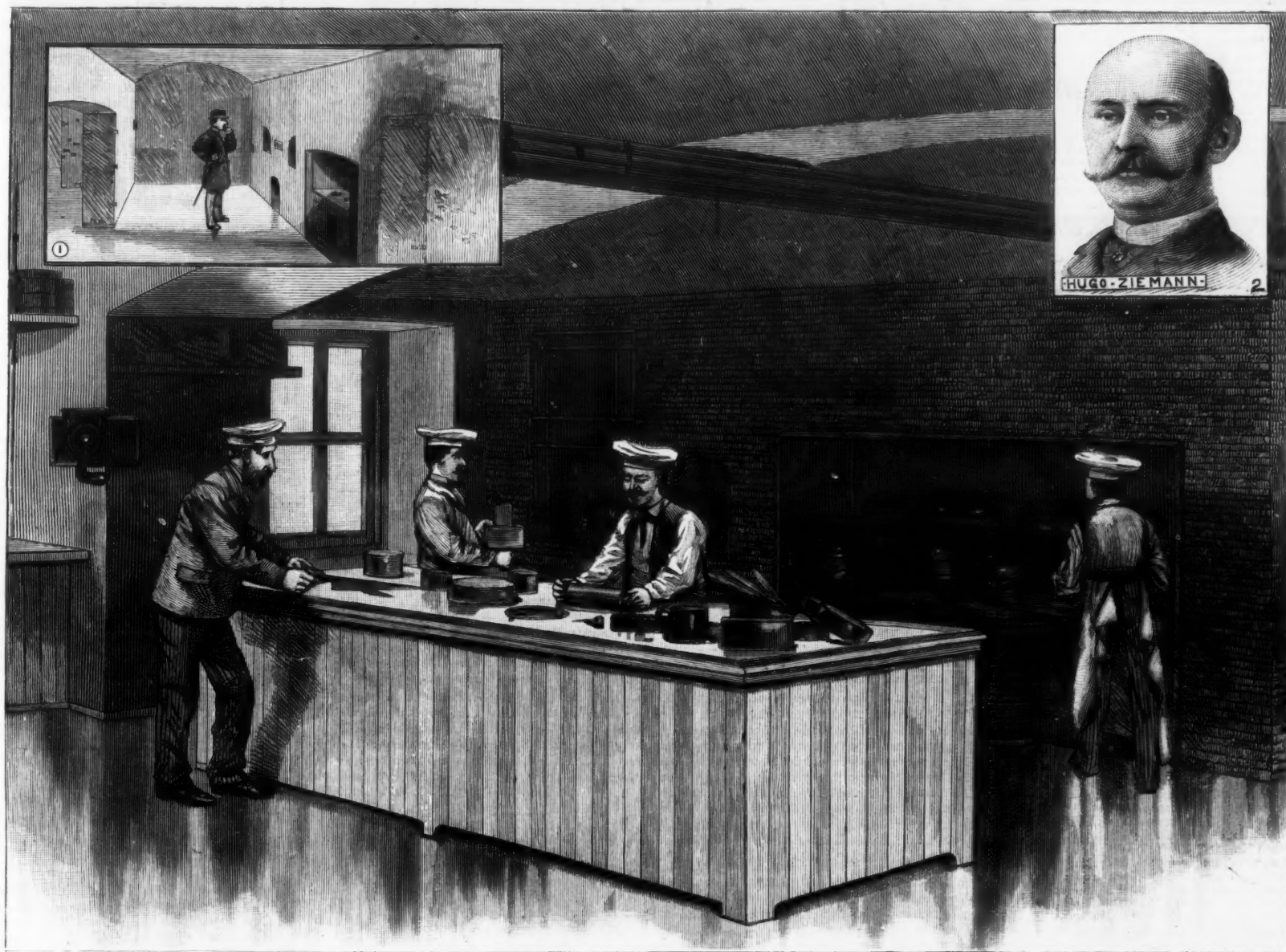
Countess Kessler, whose delicate blonde beauty, no less than her charms of mind and manner, make her one of the most noted and admired women in Europe. A daughter of the famous Commodore Lynch, who held high office under the English Government in Persia and India, she was born in Bombay, and inherited a large fortune in her own right. From her aunt, Lady Mounsey, she



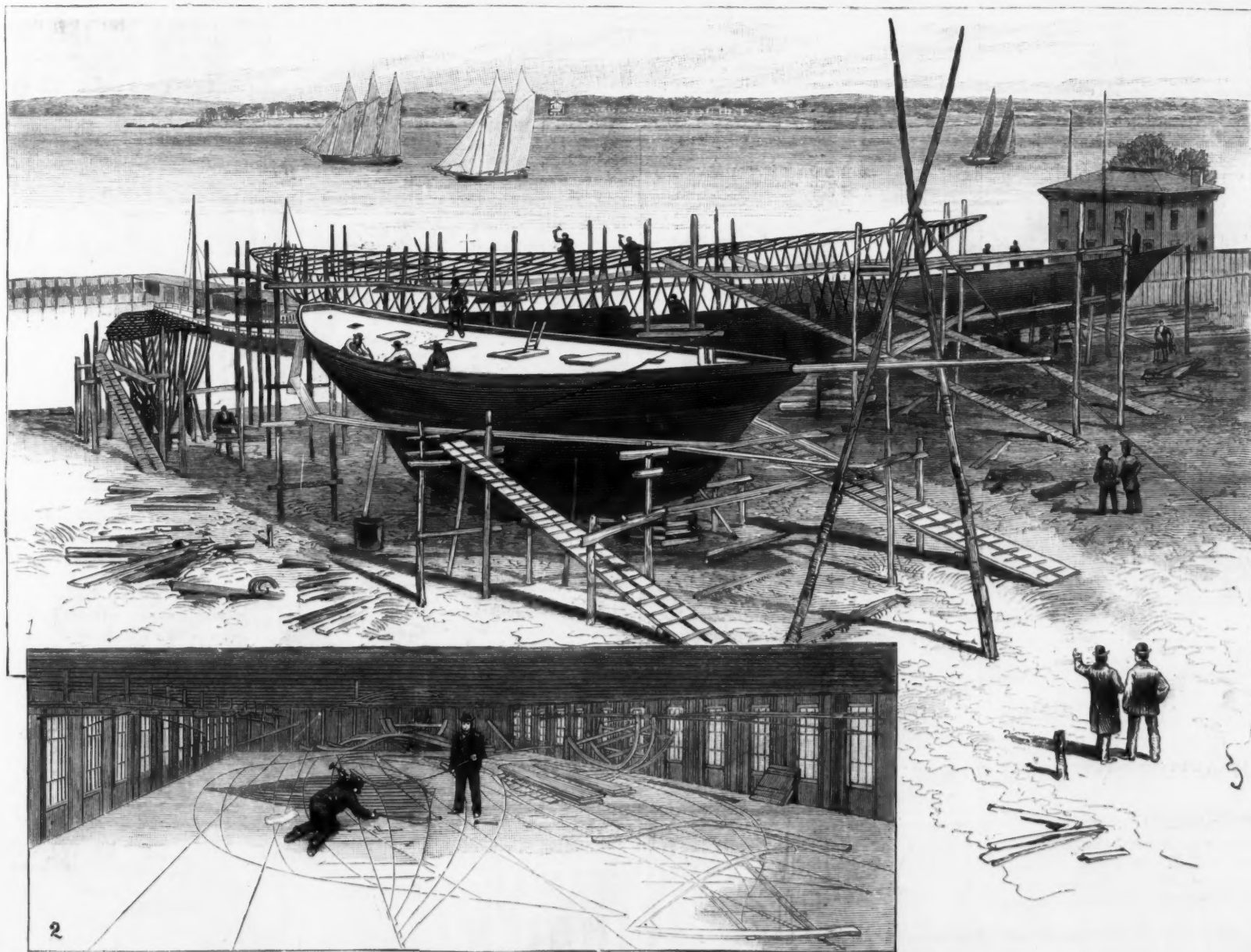
THIS BUILDING
HAS BEEN ERECTED
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF
MRS. CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA ASTOR
BY HER HUSBAND
JOHN JACOB ASTOR
NEW YORK 1888



1. Exterior of the Building. 2. Tablet. 3. Sixth-grade Rudimentary Class. 4. Grace before Meat.
NEW YORK CITY.—THE ASTOR INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN MOTT STREET—A WOMAN'S MEMORIAL.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 143.



1. President Jackson's Kitchen. 2. Hugo Ziemann, Steward of the Presidential Household.
WASHINGTON, D.C.—THE WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN—PREPARING DINNER.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 143.



1. Piegras's Yard, Showing the "Tomahawk," "Constellation," etc. 2. The Molding-room.
PREPARING FOR THE YACHTING SEASON OF 1889.—ACTIVITY AT THE CITY ISLAND SHIP-YARDS.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 143.

also inherited, in addition to considerable property, a collection of gems and pearls of rare value. Her peculiar type of beauty is said to be an inheritance from her maternal grandmother, who was the daughter of an Armenian prince.

At least two of the great contemporary painters have found in the beauty of the "Countess Alice" inspiration for master-pieces of their art. The exquisite Henner, who never paints a portrait, begged the favor of a sitting from the Countess, and the result was the well-known picture which created a sensation in artistic Paris a few years ago, and which many supposed to be one of those ideal creations for which the Alsatian master's brush is famous. The lamented Cabanel, at the time of his sudden death last January, was also finishing a superb portrait of the Countess Kessler. It will figure in the Exposition Salon, this year, as his last *chef-d'œuvre*.

Whoever witnessed the Flower Fête at the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, last year, will remember, as the most beautiful picture of all, the equipage of the Countess Kessler, with its four horses and outriders, transformed into a moving bower of blossoms, in the midst of which the fair lady was enthroned.

The children of the Count and Countess Kessler are a boy, now at the Military School of St. Cyr, and a little girl named Wilhelmina, after her venerable godfather, the late Emperor William of Germany. Both the Count and his wife are favorites at the German Court, and the late Kaiser frequently honored Count Kessler in recognition of his services during the Franco-German War as an officer of the Society of the Geneva Cross.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED VON BULOW.

DR. HANS VON BULOW'S arrival is announced, and he is to appear in a series of concerts in New York, Boston and the West. His playing will command great interest, not only from the musical public, but as well from professional musicians and piano students. The pianos of Messrs. William Knabe & Co. will be used at all Von Bulow's concerts.

AN ATTRACTIVE "MUSICAL."

At the complimentary *musical* to be tendered Miss Lillie P. Berg, on the afternoon of Thursday, April 11th, and for which Mrs. M. P. Grace has given the use of her house (No. 841 Madison Avenue), a programme of extraordinary attraction will be presented by well-known artists. Mme. Elsa Hofmann (*première ingénue* of the Imperial Court Theatre of Berlin and Vienna), will play in English the monologue "Autour du Berceau," translated from the French of Legouve expressly for her by Mr. Wm. B. Waring. Mme. Hofmann will also play a piquant monologue in German, entitled "Der Prozess eines Kusses," in the costume of a Steiermark peasant. Mme. Xenophon Baltazzi, the wife of the Turkish Consul in New York, and a prominent amateur actress, will give a scene with the assistance of F. F. Mackay, Esq., the well-known actor. This entertainment will be, as are all Miss Berg's concerts, under the patronage of a large number of ladies prominent in New York society.

NO NEED OF COMMENT.

"PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., April 1, 1887.
"My wife was fully relieved. We recommend Compound Oxygen to every one."

"J. W. ANDROVATH."
"We have ourselves used Compound Oxygen. We confidently recommend it."

HOMER A. KING,
"Of Evangelist and Herald, Springfield, Mass."

"DARLINGTON, S. C., February 7, 1886.
"I recommend your Compound Oxygen."

SERENA L. DARGAN."
"ACHILLES, KAN., April 22, 1887.
"I have great faith in Compound Oxygen."

"A LYLE MCKINNEY."
"ALMOND, N. Y., May 20, 1887.
"It is a marvelous remedy. Mrs. J. C. Goff."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing Drs. STARKY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DEPOT—Is the cashier in? The Janitor—
"He is, ma'am, for ten years. Perhaps the assistant cashier'll do, ma'am?"

Burnett's Cocaine allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

In the college of the future perhaps B. A. will stand for Bachelor of Athletics.—*New York Tribune*.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

MOTHERS give ANGSTURA BITTERS to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOUBICANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER.
18, Rue St. Honoré, Paris.

To Cleanse the Skin and Scalp of every Blemish



and
Impurity
Cuticura
Remedies
Are Infallible.

MY DISEASE (PSORIASIS) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head, and shoulders being the worst. The white scabs fell constantly from my head, shoulders, and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using two bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and one box of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight. I know of a number of different persons who have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and all have received great benefit from their use.

Mrs. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Calhoun Co., Iowa.
I cannot say enough in praise of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctor said was scald head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the CUTICURA REMEDIES to mothers as the most speedy, economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother will thank me for so doing.

Mrs. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Cuticura Remedies

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin and scalp and curing every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the SKIN, SCALP, AND BLOOD, and humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, crusts, ulcerations, swellings, abscesses, tumors, and loss of hair, whether simple, scrofulous, or contagious, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done?

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

BOKER'S BITTERS
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters,
AND AS PURE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE
HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,
75 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

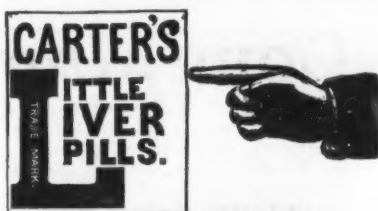


In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—
On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

LADIES AND GENTS!
One Pair Free!
One Pair of Elegant Satin Embossed Slippers, in seven shades and colors, FREE. Inclose 7 cts. postage, and I will send them by mail.

OHIO SLIPPER HOUSE,
Richmond Centre, Ohio.
Mention Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.
E. GRILLON,
77, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

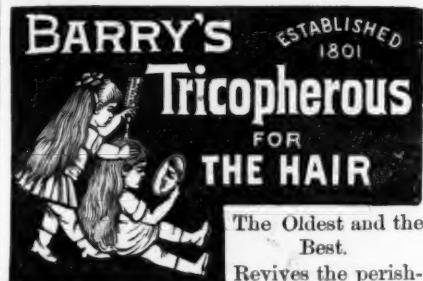
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

LADY Agents \$10 a day SURE; new rubber under garment. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.



THE OLDEST AND THE BEST.
Revives the perishing hair. It is not a dye, yet it darkens, renews, glosses, preserves and multiplies the fibres, and thoroughly cleanses the scalp. BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MAGIC LANTERNS.

Also Lime and Electric Light Apparatus, and mechanical, plain and fine colored Views.

J. B. COLT & CO., Manufacturers,
No. 16 Beekman Street, New York.

CANCER

By an entirely NEW PROCESS.
Testimonials from unquestionable sources submitted on application.

NO KNIFE! NO CAUSTICS!
Tumors of all kinds also removed. Apply or address Offices Perfected Comp. Oxygen Co., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. 877 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine and Whisky Habits painlessly cured. Treatment sent on trial free. Confidentially address H. L. KRAMER, Sec., Box 50 Lafayette, Ind.

Nervous, Tired Women Now Cured by Food.

Nervous exhaustion is now known to come from malnutrition of the nerves. A noted scientist has discovered that if the albumen which feeds the nerves is not fully digested to the consistency of water, it cannot be absorbed by them; hence their starvation and exhaustion. They are therefore nourished only in proportion to the ability of the stomach to prepare their food, which is the most difficult to digest of all the foods. Not one stomach in five can prepare a sufficient quantity for the overworked. Hitherto artificial digestion has only been able to but partially do its work for the coarser circulatory vessels. Three years ago this deficiency was overcome in the manufacture of the Moxie Nerve Food, which has shown before the U. S. Courts many old cases of helpless paralysis and nervous wrecks recovered by it. It helps the nervous, tired and overworked in a few hours, leaving no reaction. 50c. a qt. bottle. 66 University Pl., N. Y.

SALESMEN

We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages \$3 Per Day. Permanent position. No postal answer. "Money advanced" for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WEIS & CO.,
First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
Successors to C. WEIS, Mfrs of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N. Y. Factories, 60 Walker St., & Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest design.

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IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."

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"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



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I am weary of life," moaned poor Mrs. Black.
"For I'm fairly worn out with the ache in my back—
My nerves are a chain
Of weakness and pain,
And my poor head is aching as if it would crack.
Now, don't be discouraged," cried good Mrs. White,
"It is never so dark but there's promise of light;
I can tell you, in brief,
What will give you relief—
Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right."

It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle-wrappers. As an invigorating, restorative tonic and as a soothing nerve medicine it is unequalled. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon. It is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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Are superior to any ever invented. Also, all kinds of Piano Stools, Music Cabinets, Piano Covers and Seats. Popular prices. Catalogues on application. F. NEPPERT, Manuf'r, 550 Canal St., near West B'way. Established 1848.



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For removing all Tartar, Stains and Scurf from the Teeth, thus completely arresting the progress of decay. For whitening and polishing the Teeth it has no equal. Positive in effect, safe and convenient. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Agents wanted. Ladies and gentlemen, H. L. FESLER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, 164 Broome Street, New York.

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Cheque Bank Cheques are accepted as Cash by all the British Government Offices.

VISITORS TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION this Summer can get the Cheque Bank Cheques cashed at 70 Banking Houses in Paris.

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"WELL LATHERED IS HALF SHAVED."

Spanish Proverb.

That which distinguishes "SHAVING SOAP" from Toilet or Washing Soaps is the LATHER.

What is the lather for? What does it do? What should it do?

The use of Soap in Shaving is to penetrate, moisten and soften the beard, that it may present the least possible resistance to the keen edge of the razor. Failing in this—it fails utterly!

But it has other uses!!

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A TRUE Shaving Soap should contain **germicide** properties.

Gentlemen who are shaved by barbers are unconsciously exposed to the most distressing cutaneous diseases.

For HALF A HUNDRED YEARS WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS have ranked as the purest, richest and best.

Compare the lather with that of any other.

Mild and Delicate, it penetrates and softens the beard, and renders shaving a positive luxury. Unlike other Shaving Soaps, the lather will not dry on the face while shaving.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS have a *Soothing* effect upon the Skin. Like rich cream, the lather cools, softens and heals.

GENTLEMEN WHO ARE SHAVED BY BARBERS should insist upon it that WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP is used. Rich and refreshing, it contains properties destructive to disease germs, and renders SAFE the luxury of being shaved.

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, EXCELLING all other Shaving Sticks in Richness of LATHER, DELICACY of PERFUME, and superior strength & style of pkg. 25c.

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FOR 75 CENTS we will mail, postpaid, a package each of the 3 kinds.

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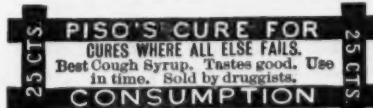
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Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

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BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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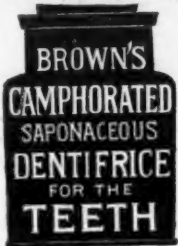
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It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Druggists, etc., 25c. a bottle.



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YOUNG MEN who are becoming prematurely bald, and who have used numerous so-called hair restoratives without success, need not despair. Yucca will cause the hair to grow wherever it has previously grown.

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Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEAR'S Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' is the best, the most elegant and the most economical of all soaps for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the PUREST and CLEANEST. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE, as there are worthless imitations.

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